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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. XI.

KING RICHARD III,
KING HENRY VIII.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY J. MORGAN AND T. S. MANNING.

1808.

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KING RICHARD III.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

THIS tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. *Theobald.*

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. See the notes at the conclusion of this play, which was first entered at Stationer's Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence.* Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A tragical Report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad.* It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song, ballad, book, enterlude* and *play*, were often synonymously used. *Steevens.*

This play was written, I imagine, in the same year in which it was first printed,—1597. *The Legend of King Richard III*, by Francis Seagars, was printed in the first edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575, and 1587, but Shakspeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old. *Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III, p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed;) for the second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI, who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian historians without any foundation) that "it appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the publick view in St. Paul's for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence." *Malone.*

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Edward *the fourth.*

Edward, *prince of* Wales, *afterwards king* Edward V,
Richard, *duke of York.*
} *sons to the king.*

George, *duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *duke of* Gloster, *afterwards king* Richard III,
} *brothers to the king.*

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, *earl of* Richmond, *afterwards king* Henry VII.

Cardinal Bourchier, *archbishop of* Canterbury.

Thomas Rotheram, *archbishop of* York. John Morton, *bishop of* Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk: *earl of* Surrey, *his son.*

Earl Rivers, *brother to king* Edward's *queen:*

Marquis of Dorset, *and lord* Grey, *her sons.*

Earl of Oxford. *Lord* Hastings. *Lord* Stanley. *Lord* Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Catesby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, *lieutenant of the* Tower.

Christopher Urswick, *a priest. Another priest.*

Lord mayor of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, *queen of king* Edward IV.

Margaret, *widow of king* Henry VI.

Duchess of York, *mother to king* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Gloster.

Lady Anne, *widow of* Edward *prince of* Wales, *son to king* Henry VI; *afterwards married to the duke of* Gloster.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other attendants; two gentlemen, a pursuivant, scrivener, citizens, murderers, messengers, ghosts, soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

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LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent[1]
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;[2]
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

[1] —— *the* winter *of our discontent* —] Thus, in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella:*

" Gone in the *winter* of my miserie." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *this sun of York;*] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV, which was *a sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret:*

" Three *suns* were seen that instant to appear,
" Which soon again shut themselves up in one;
" Ready to buckle as the armies were,
" Which this brave duke took to himself alone:" &c.

Again, in the 22d Song of the *Polyolbion:*

" And thankful to high heaven which of his cause had care,
" Three *suns* for his device still in his ensign bare."

Such phœnomena, if we may believe tradition, were formerly not uncommon. In the Wrighte's Play in the *Chester Collection*, MS. Harl. 1013, the same circumstance is introduced as attending on a more solemn event:

" That day was seene veramente
" *Three sonnes* in the firmament,
" And wonderly together went
" And torned into one." *Steevens.*

See Vol. X, p. 315, n. 8. *Malone.*

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Our bruised arms[3] hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,[4]

[3] *Now are our brows bound with* victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
" *With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.*" *Malone.*

[4] *Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,*
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds, &c.] So, in *The tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third*, which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, *The Mirrour of Magistrates*. The first edition of it appeared in 1559, but the lines quoted on the present as well as future occasions throughout this play, are not found in any copy before that of 1610, so that the author was more probably indebted to Shakspeare, than Shakspeare to him:

" ——the battles fought in field before
" Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie;
" The war-god's thund'ring cannons' dreadful rore,
" And rattling drum-sounds' warlike harmonie,
" To sweet-tun'd noise of pleasing minstrelsie.
" God Mars laid by his launce, and took his lute,
" And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes;
" Instead of crimson fields, warre's fatal fruit,
" He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,
" And set his thoughts upon her wanton lookes." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare seems to have had the following passage from Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote these lines: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turn'd to the soft noise of lyre and *lute?* The neighing of *barbed steeds*, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimned the sun with smoak, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?" &c. *Reed.*

——*delightful* measures.] A *measure* was, strictly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" We 'll measure them a *measure*, and be gone."
See Vol. IV, p. 117, n. 8. *Steevens.*

—— barbed *steeds*,] i. e. steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. I. Haywarde, in his *Life and Raigne of King Henry IV*, 1599, says,—" *The Duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser*, barbed *with blew and green velvet*," &c.

Barbed, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. Equus *bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse

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To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers[5] nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,[6]

adorned with military trappings. I have met with the word *barded* many times in our ancient chronicles and romances. An instance or two may suffice. "They mounted him surely upon a good and mighty courser, well *barded*," &c.

Hist. of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date.

Again, in Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580:

"*Bardes* or trappers of horses." *Phaleræ*, Lat.

Again, Holinshed speaking of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt: "—to the intent that if the *barded* horses ran fiercely upon them," &c. Again, from p. 802, we learn, that *barde* and *trappers* had the same meaning. *Steevens.*

See "A *Barbed* horse," and "*Bardes*," in Minsheu's DICT. 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horse-trappings*." *Malone.*

[5] *He* capers—] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. *Johnson.*

[6] *Cheated of feature by* dissembling *nature*,] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. *Warburton.*

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful.* *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson hath certainly mistaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained the word *dissembling;* as is evident from the following extract: "Whyle thinges stoode in this case, and that the manner of addyng was sometime too short and sometime too long, els *dissembled* and let slip together." Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, 1587. *Henley.*

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one. *Dissimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though fraud certainly may exist without dissimulation. But the following lines in the old *King John*, 1591, which our author must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

"Can *nature* so *dissemble* in her frame,
"To make the one so like as like may be,
"And in the other print no character
"To challenge any mark of true descent?"

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Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:[7]
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,[8]
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,[9]—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures[1] of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,[2]
By drunken phrophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, sc. v. *Malone.*

[7] *And* descant *on mine own deformity:*] *Descant* is a term in musick, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to musick. *Malone.*

[8] *And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. *Johnson.*

[9] *To entertain these fair well-spoken* days,] I am strongly inclined to think that the poet wrote—these fair well-spoken *dames*, and that the word *days* was caught by the compositor's eye glancing on a subsequent line. So, in the quarto copy of this play, printed in 1612, Sign. I:

"I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies."
"*King.* Why, there thou hast it; two *deep* enemies."

In the original copy, printed in 1597, the first line is right: "—— *kill two enemies.*" *Malone.*

[1] *And* hate *the idle pleasures* —] Perhaps we might read:
And bate *the idle pleasures* ——. *Johnson.*

[2] —— inductions *dangerous,*] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. *Johnson.*

Marston has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous?" *Steevens.*

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In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,[3]
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:——
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;[4]
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,[5]

[3] —— *Edward be as* true and just,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. *Johnson.*

May not this mean—If Edward hold his natural disposition and be true to that? *M. Mason.*

[4] *He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;*] From Holinshed: "Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after king Edward should raign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event. *Malone.*

[5] *And, for my name of George begins with G,* &c.] So, in Nichols's *Tragical Life and Death of Richard III:*

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It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys[6] as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.[7]*
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,[8] *Same*
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining[9] to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,[1]

"By that blind riddle of the letter G,
"*George* lost his life; it took effect in me." *Steevens.*

6 —— *toys* —] Fancies, freaks of imagination. *Johnson.*
So, in *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iv:
"The very place puts *toys* of desperation,
"Without more motive, into every brain." *Reed.*

7 *That* tempers *him to this extremity.*] I have collated the original quarto published in 1597, *verbatim* with that of 1598.
In the first copy this line stands thus:
"That *tempers* him to *this extremity.*"
and so undoubtedly we should read. To *temper* is to mould, to fashion. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"Now will I to that old Andronicus;
"And *temper* him, with all the art I have,
"To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths." *Malone.*

* To *temper* is not *to mold* or *to fashion*, but to harden, to soften, to molify, any thing to suit the purpose for which it is intended. *Am. Ed.*

8 *Humbly complaining* &c.] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence. *Johnson.*

9 *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,*] That is, the Queen and Shore. *Johnson.*

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Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree so ever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years;[1] fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred[2] are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.[3]

[1] *Well* struck *in years;*] This odd expression in our language was preceded by others as uncouth though of a similar kind. Thus, in Arthur Hall's translation of the first Book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1581:

"In Grea's forme, the good handmaid, nowe wel *ystept* in yeares."

Again:

"*Well* shot *in years he seem'd,*" &c.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. vi.

The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has observed in his essay on *The Fairy Queen*, by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. *Steevens.*

[2] *And the queen's kindred*—] The old copies harshly and unnecessarily read—

And that *the queen's* &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *alone.*] Surely the adjective—*alone*, is an interpolation, as what the Duke is talking of, is seldom undertaken before witnesses. Besides, this word deranges the metre, which, without it, would be regular:—for instance:

Were best to do it secretly.
What one,
My lord?
Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?
Steevens.

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Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal, Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects,[4] and must obey. Brother, farewel: I will unto the king; And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,— Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,[5]— I will perform it, to enfranchise you. Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood, Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

[4] ——*the queen's* abjects,] That is, not the queen's *subjects* whom she might protect, but her *abjects* whom she drives away. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Case is altered. How? Ask Dalio and Milo*, 1604:

"This ougly object, or rather *abject* of nature." *Henderson.*

I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation. Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. The Queen's *abjects*, means the most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands; which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her.

In a preceding page Gloster had said of Shore's wife—

"——I think, it is our way,
"If we will keep in favour with the king,
"To be her men, and wear her livery."

The idea is the same in both places, though the expression differs.—In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says to Swift:

"I 'll make thee stoop, thou *abject!*" *M. Mason.*

This substantive was not of Shakspeare's formation. We meet with it in *Psalm* xxxv, 15: "—yea the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not." *Steevens.*

[5] *Were it to call King Edward's widow—sister,*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's* wife, *sister*. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the King. *Johnson.*

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloster has already called her, *the jealous o'er-worn widow*. *Steevens.*

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Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:[6]
Mean time, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce;[7] farewel.
[*Exeunt* CLAR. BRAK. *and Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,[8]
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by saint Paul,[9] this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet[1] long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;

[6] —— lie *for you:*] He means to be *imprisoned* in your stead. To *lie* was anciently to *reside*, as appears by many instances in these volumes. *Reed.*

[7] *I must perforce;*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce, is a medicine for a mad dog." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *should be* mew'd,] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar:*
"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
"From brown soar feathers of dull yeomanry,
"To the glorious bloom of gentry." *Steevens.*

[9] *Now, by saint Paul,*] The folio reads:
Now, by saint John, ——. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*an evil diet.*—] i. e. a bad regimen. *Steevens.*

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'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.[2]
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HAST.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven. *posthaste*
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:[3]
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the Corpse of King HENRY *the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it; and Lady* ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament[4]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

[2] *He is.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer very properly completes this broken verse, by reading—
He is, my lord. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Warwick's* youngest *daughter.*] See Vol. X, p. 375, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[4] —— obsequiously *lament*—] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. ii:
"To do *obsequious* sorrow." *Steevens.*

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Poor key-cold[5] figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness![6]
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.*

[5] —— *key-cold*—] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers; among the rest, it is used by Decker in his *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"— It is best you hide your head, for fear your wise brains take *key-cold*."

Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"The *key-cold* figure of a man." *Steevens.*

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
"He falls ——." *Malone.*

[6] —— *to his* unhappiness!] i. e. disposition to mischief. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Dream'd of *unhappiness*, and wak'd herself with laughing." *Steevens.*

See Vol. VI, p. 390, n. 5. *Malone.*

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Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.[7]

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the Coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:[8]—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh![9]*

[7] *I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me." *Johnson.*

[8] —— pattern *of thy butcheries;*] *Pattern* is *instance*, or *example*. *Johnson.*

So, in The Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

"By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware." *Malone.*

Holinshed says: "The dead corps on the Ascension even was conveied with billes and glaives pompouslie (if you will call that a funeral pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thense he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise;" &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *see! dead Henry's wounds*
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the

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Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.——
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,[1]
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. *Johnson.*

Mr. Tollet observes, that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. *Steevens.*

* This tradition is of much earlier origin than Mr. Tollet supposes.—I find it mentioned by Plutarch, in his relation of the exposure of the body of Agrippina, which he says *bled* afresh on the approach of Nero, which was considered as proof of his guilt. *Am. Ed.*

[1] *Vouchsafe,* diffus'd *infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffused* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth;* such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. *Johnson.*

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

" —— rush at once
" With some *diffused* song."

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

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Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Why then, they are not dead:[2]
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy soul's throat[3] thou liest; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt[4] upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provok'd by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.[5]
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.[6]

" I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his sutes; his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *Why then, they are not dead:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Then say, they are not slain. Malone.*

[3] —— *thy* soul's *throat* —] The folio—thy *foul* throat. *Steevens.*

[4] *That laid their guilt* —] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband upon Edward. *Johnson.*

[5] *I grant* ye.] Read, to perfect the measure:
I grant ye, yea. *Ritson.*
One of the quartos, instead of—*ye,* reads—*yea. Steevens.*

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Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.[7]
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;[8]
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.[9]

[6] *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*
Glo. *The fitter for the King of heaven* &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.
"*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her."
Steevens.

[7] *Some dungeon.*] As most of the measure throughout this scene is regular, I cannot help suspecting that our author originally wrote:
"*Some dungeon*, perhaps.
"*Your bed-chamber.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *a* slower *method;*] As *quick* was used for *spritely*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene Lord Grey desires the Queen to
"—— cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words."
Steevens.

[9] *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner?* She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:
Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd the *effect*. *Warburton.*
I cannot but be rather of Sir T. Hanmer's opinion that Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line. *Johnson.*
I believe the obvious sense is the true one. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:
"—— thou art the *cause*,
"*Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou."

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Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he,
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*she spits at him*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II: "I have read the *cause* of his *effects* in Galen."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

"Both *cause*, *effect*, beginning, and the end,
"Are all in me." *Steevens.*

Our author, I think, in another place uses *effect*, for *efficient* cause. *Malone.*

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For now they kill me with a living death.[1]*
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,[2]—
Not, when my father[3] York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;[4]
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;[5]
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*

[1] —— *they kill me with a* living death.] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:

" —— a *living death* I bear,
" Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair." *Johnson.*

So, in Watson's Sonnets, printed about 1580:

" Love is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,
" A *living death*, an ever-dying life." *Malone.*

* So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II, Vol. X, p. 201, n. 4. *Am. Ed.*

[2] *These eyes, which never* &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. *Pope.*

They were added with many more. *Johnson.*

[3] Not, *when my father* —] The old copies read—*No*, when, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary.

This doubt derives strength from a subsequent passage:

" *Duch.* I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
" *Q. Eliz.* But I hear, *no*." *Malone.*

[4] *My manly eyes did scorn* &c.] Here is an apparent reference to *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act II, sc. i. See p. 316, n. 2.

[5] —— *sweet* soothing *word*;] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has—sweet *smoothing* word. *Malone.*

Smooth is, probably, the true reading. So again, p. 32.

" Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog."

See also, *Pericles*, Act I, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

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Teach, not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his Breast open; she offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty[6] that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;— [*She again offers at his Breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the Sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in
My tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then man
Was never true.[7]
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know
Hereafter.

[6] *But 'twas thy beauty* —] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. *Johnson.*

[7] *Then man*
Was never true.] Old copy—
Then never man was true.
For the sake of measure, I have hazarded this slight transposition. *Steevens.*

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Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men,
I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the Ring.*
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause[8] to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:[9]
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty[1] see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewel already.[2]
[*Exeunt Lady* Anne, Tress. *and* Berk.

[8] —— more *cause* —] The folio—*most* cause. *Steevens.*

[9] —— Crosby-*place*:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the Duke of Gloster. *Johnson.*

Crosby-Place is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a Presbyterian congregation. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

This magnificent house was built in the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, groser and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabrick is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and incumbered by modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it is now the warehouse of an eminent Packer.

Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *with all* expedient *duty* —] See Vol. VIII, p. 37, n. 6. *Malone.*

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Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

[2] *Imagine I have said farewel already.*] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III*, for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

Thus also, in *Twelfth Night*, where Fabian observing the conduct of Malvolio, says: "If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."

From an account of our late unsuccessful embassy to the Emperor of China, we learn, indeed, that a scene of equal absurdity was represented in a theatre at Tien-sing: "One of the dramas, particularly, attracted the attention of those who recollected scenes, somewhat similar, upon the English stage. The piece represented an Emperor of China and his Empress living in supreme felicity, when, on a sudden, his subjects revolt, a civil war ensues, battles are fought, and at last the arch-rebel, who was a general of cavalry, overcomes his sovereign, kills him with his own hand, and routs the imperial army. The captive Empress then appears upon the stage in all the agonies of despair, naturally resulting from the loss of her husband and of her dignity, as well as the apprehension for that of her honour. Whilst she is tearing her hair, and rending the skies with her complaints, the conqueror enters, approaches her with respect, addresses her in a gentle tone, soothes her sorrows with his compassion, talks of love and adoration, and like Richard the Third, with Lady Anne in Shakspeare, prevails in less than half an hour, on the Chinese Princess to dry up her tears, to forget her deceased consort, and yield to a consoling wooer." *Steevens.*

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Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?[3]
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,[4]
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,[5]—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,[6]
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.[7]

[3] —— *whom I, some three months since,*
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?] Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely August 1471. King Edward, however, is in the second Act introduced dying. That King died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next Act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI, was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. *Malone.*

[4] *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. *Warburton.*

[5] —— *and, no doubt, right royal,*] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the Sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should read:

—— *and, no doubt, right* loyal.

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was *young, wise, and valiant;* these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt, right* loyal. *Johnson.*

Richard is not speaking of King Henry, but of Edward his son, whom he means to represent as *full of all the noble properties of a king*. *No doubt, right royal,* may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *a beggarly* denier,] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a *beggar*. So, in *The Cunning Northerne Beggar*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"For still will I cry, good your worship, good sir,
"Bestow one poor *denier*, Sir." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *a* marvellous proper *man.*] *Marvellous* is here used ad-

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I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I 'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;[8]
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there 's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:[9]
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

verbially. *Proper* in old language was *handsome*. See Vol. IV, p. 322, n. 1 *Malone*.

[8] —— *I'll turn yon' fellow* in *his grave*:] *In* is here used for *into*. Thus, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"—————— Mercurie shall guide
"His passage, till the prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride
"Resolv'd, ev'n *in* Achilles tent." *Steevens*.

[9] *It is* determin'd, *not* concluded *yet*:] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. *Warburton*.

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Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.[1]

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond,[2] good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice,

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;

[1] *Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.*] [Old copies—*Derby.*] This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakspeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called Derby, was Thomas lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's houshold. But this Thomas lord Stanley was not created earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth Acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title. *Theobald.*

[2] *The countess Richmond,*] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI, by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII, she married first *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey duke of Buckingham. Malone.*

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And sent to warn them[3] to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,[4]
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.[5]

[3] —— *to* warn *them* —] i. e. to *summon*. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:
"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *speak fair,*
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French *nods and apish courtesy,*] An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a never failing topic of invective. So, in *A Tragical Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life*, by Churchyard, 1593:
"We make a legge, and kisse the hand withall,
"(A *French* deuice, nay sure a Spanish tricke)
"And speake in print, and say loe at your call
"I will remaine your owne both dead and quicke.
"A courtier so can give a lobbe a licke,
"And dress a dolt in motley for a while,
"And so in sleeue at silly woodcocke smile." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *with* lewd *complaints.*] *Lewd*, in the present instance, signifies *rude, ignorant*; from the Anglo-Saxon *Laewede*, a *Laick*. Chaucer often uses the word *lewd*, both for a *laick* and an *ignorant* person. See Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Æneid. *Steevens.*

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Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will,[6] and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey[7] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,[8]
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty

[6] —— *of your ill-will,* &c.] This line is restored from the first edition. *Pope.*

By the first edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions*, means the quarto of 1598. But that and the subsequent quartos read—and *to* remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The folio has only—

"Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground——."

Here clearly a line was omitted: yet had there been no quarto copy, it would have been thought hardy to supply the omission: but of all the errors of the press omission is the most frequent; and it is a great mistake to suppose that these *lacunæ* exist only in the imagination of editors and commentators. *Malone.*

[7] —— may *prey* —] The quarto, 1598, and the folio read—*make* prey. The correction, which all the editors have adopted, is taken from the quarto, 1602. *Malone.*

[8] *Since every* Jack *became a gentleman,*] This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack* so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, amongst whom this name is of the most common and familiar kind. *Douce.*

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Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for ——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said[9]
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.[1]
'Tis time to speak, my pains[2] are quite forgot.

[9] *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said*—] This verse I have restored from the old quartos. *Theobald.*

Here we have another proof of a line being passed over by the transcriber, or the compositor at the press, when the first folio was printed, for the subsequent line is not sense without this. *Malone.*

[1] *I dare adventure* to *be sent to the Tower.*] Perhaps our author elliptically omitted the first—*to* in this line. So, in p. 42:

"To help thee curse" &c. i. e. to curse.

See also p. 27, line 13, and p. 31, line 10. *Steevens.*

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Q. Mar. Out, devil![3] I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize[4] his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle[5] at saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown:
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

[2] —— *my pains* ——] My labours; my toils. *Johnson.*

[3] Out, *devil!*] Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Floddon Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

"—— *out* on ye, owls!" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *royalize* ——] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*
"The triumphs" &c. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Was not your husband*
In Margaret's battle &c.] It is said in *Henry VI*, that he died *in quarrel of the house of York*. *Johnson.*

The account here given is the true one. See this inconsistency accounted for in Vol. X, p. 356, and in the *Dissertation* at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI*, p. 466. *Malone.*

Margaret's *battle* is—Margaret's *army*. *Ritson.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"What may the king's whole *battle* reach unto?" *Steevens.*

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Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;[6]
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates,[7] that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:[8]
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

[6] —— *our* lawful *king;*] So the quarto, 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folio has—*sovereign* king.

In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little use. *Malone.*

[7] *Hear me, you wrangling pirates,* &c.] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another *Cassandra,* for the following tragic revolutions. *Warburton.*

Surely, the merits of this scene are insufficient to excuse its improbability. Margaret, bullying the court of England in the royal palace, is a circumstance as absurd as the courtship of Gloster in a publick street. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *which you have* pill'd *from me:*] To *pill* is to pillage. So, in *The Martyr'd Soldier,* by Shirley, 1638:

"He has not *pill'd* the rich, nor flay'd the poor." *Steevens.*

To *pill,* is literally, to take off the outside, or rind. Thus they say in Devonshire, to *pill* an apple, rather than *pare* it; and Shirley uses the word precisely in this sense. *Henley.*

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Ah, gentle villain,[9] do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?[1]

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?[2]

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

[9] *Ah,* gentle *villain,*] We should read:

——— ungentle *villain,* —— *Warburton.*

The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

"Since ev'ry Jack is made a *gentleman*,
"There 's many a *gentle* person made a Jack." *Johnson.*

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *what* mak'st *thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what* dost *thou in my sight*. So, in *Othello:*

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?"

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. *Malone.*

So does Orlando, in *As you Like it:*

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?—
"Nothing: I am not taught to *make* any thing." *Steevens.*

[2] *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8. *Malone.*

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Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.[3]

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.[4]

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophecy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.[5]

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?[6]*
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,[7]

[3] —— *hath* plagu'd *thy bloody deed.*] So, in *King John:*

"That he 's not only *plagued* for her sin."

To *plague*, in ancient language, is to *punish*. Hence the scriptural term—"the *plagues* of Egypt." *Steevens.*

[4] *So just is God, to right the innocent.*] So, in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"How just is God, to right the innocent!" *Ritson.*

[5] *Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.*] Alluding to a scene in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?"

Steevens.

[6] *Could all* but *answer for that peevish brat?*] This is the reading of all the editions, yet I have no doubt but we ought to read—

Could all not *answer for that peevish brat?*

The sense seems to require this amendment; and there are no words so frequently mistaken for each other as *not* and *but*

M. Mason.

* At the first glance the alteration suggested by Mr. Mason, may appear worthy of adoption, but upon examining the passage attentively the meaning will be found sufficiently plain. Margaret enumerates the evils that has befallen her family, and demands if it required all these to atone for the murder of Rutland, to fulfil the curse of York and appease the wrath of heaven,—could all *but* answer for that peevish brat—could it require such tremendous punishment to atone for a crime comparatively small. *Am. Ed.*

[7] —— *by surfeit die your king,*] Alluding to his luxurious life.

Johnson

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As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd,[8]* abortive, rooting hog![9]

[8] ——*elvish*-mark'd,] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelley's *proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. *Steevens.*

* An elf, in the language of superstition, is an invisible agent, which delights in injuring every thing endued with life. If a cow or a horse is seized with any sudden illness, it is supposed the animal is elf-shotten, the only remedy for which is to make the animal drink of water in which an elf-stone is placed: This stone is described to be about the size of a pullet's egg, of a flat oval form, and flies with the swiftness of an arrow to the destined

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Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature,[1] and the son of hell!
Stain *Scorn*

victim, but leaves no visible mark. The elf is also accused of taking on itself the office of acoucheur, and personates the midwife so perfectly that the messenger is deceived. The fraud however is discovered by some extraordinary deformity of the child, and the elf bears the blame. This superstition to which our author alludes, is still prevalent in Scotland, and the north of Ireland. *Am. Ed.*

[9] ——*rooting hog!*] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. *Warburton.*

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial.
Johnson.

In *The Mirror for Magistrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime:*

"For where I meant the king by name of hog,
"I only alluded to his badge the bore:
"To Lovel's name I added more, our dog;
"Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.
"These metaphors I us'd with other more,
"As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,
"To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest."

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568:

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
"Fette *lovell my hounde*, and my horne to blowe."

The rhyme for which Collingbourne suffered, was:

"A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
"Rule all England under a hog." *Steevens.*

The rhyme of Collingbourne is thus preserved in Heywood's *History of Edward IV*, P. II:

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
"Doe rule all England under a hog.
"The crooke backt boore the way hath found
"*To root our* roses *from our ground.*
"*Both* flower *and* bud will be confound,
"Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
"And then the dog, the cat, and rat,
"Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The propriety of Dr. Warburton's note, notwithstanding what Dr. Johnson hath subjoined, is fully confirmed by this satire.
Henley.

The persons levelled at by this rhyme were the King, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in *The Complaint of Collingbourn:*

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
"A craftie lawyer catching all he could;

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Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour![2] thou detested —
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

"The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
"A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:
"Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,
"Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
"Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog." *Malone.*

1 *The slave of nature,*] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"*He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
"*Stigmatized in making,* ——."

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery:

"Sin, death, and hell, have set their *marks* on him."

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral conditions insinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure. *Warburton.*

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves:

"Worse than a *slavish wipe*, or birth-hour's blot" *Malone.*

2 *Thou* rag *of honour!* &c.] This word of contempt is used again in *Timon:*

"If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor *rag*,
"Must be the subject."

Again, in this play:

"These over-weening *rags* of France." *Steevens.*

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Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune![3]

bottle- Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,[4]
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:[5]
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

[3] ——*flourish of my fortune!*] This expression is likewise used by Massinger in *The Great Duke of Florence:*

"——I allow these
"As *flourishings of fortune.*" *Steevens.*

[4] ——*bottled spider,*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom, made her liken him to a spider. *Johnson.*

A *bottled spider*, is a large, bloated, glossy spider; supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size. The expression occurs again in Act IV:

"That *bottled spider*, that foul hunch-back'd toad." *Ritson.*

[5] *Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;*] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A. D. 1476. *Percy.*

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8. *Malone.*

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Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;[6]
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:[7]—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell,[8] have set their marks on him;

[6] *Witness my son,* &c.] Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life. *Ritson.*

Witness my son.] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*sun.* *Malone.*

[7] *Your* aiery *buildeth in our* aiery's *nest:*] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy,* 1608:

"It is a subtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1630:

"His high-built *aiery* shall be drown'd in blood."

[8] *Sin, death, and hell,*] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. *Blackstone.*

Milton might as probably catch the hint from the following passage in Latimer's *Sermons,* 1584, fol. 79: "Here came in *death*

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And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's![9] [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she 's at liberty.[1]

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;[2]—

and hell, *sinne was their mother.* Therefore they must have such an image as their mother sinne would geue them." *H. White.*

[9] *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third,* he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. *Walpole.*

[1] —— *I* muse, why *she 's at liberty.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

"—— I *wonder* she 's at liberty." *Steevens.*

[2] *He is* frank'd *up to fatting for his pains;*] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty.* 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar.* Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
"Rule all England under a *hog.*"

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of Act IV. *Pope.*

A *frank* was not a common *hog sty,* but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. *Steevens.*

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God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.[3]

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLO.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do bewcep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—

From the manner in which the word is used in *King Henry IV*, a *frank* should seem to mean a pen in which *any* hog is *fatted*. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank?*" So also, as Mr. Bowle observes to me, in Holinshed's *Description of Britaine*, B. III, p. 1096: "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peason, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneasie coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a *frank*," as the same gentleman observes, is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. *Malone.*

Mr. Bowle's chief instance will sufficiently countenance my assertion: for what hogs, except those designed for *brawn*, are ever purposely lodged "on the *bare planches of an uneasy cote?*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *done* scath *to us.*] *Scath* is harm, mischief. So, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"Whom now that paltry island keeps from *scath.*" *Steevens.*

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How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?[4]

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*Gives the Warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:[5]
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,[6]
That, as I am a christian faithful man,[7]

[4] —— *to despatch* this thing?] Seagars, in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, speaking of the *murder* of Gloster's nephews, makes him say:

"What though he refused, yet be sure you may,
"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing*."

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. *Malone.*

[5] *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears."
Steevens.

[6] *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

"So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams." *Malone.*

[7] —— *faithful man,*] Not an infidel. *Johnson.*

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I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;[8]
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears![9]
What sights of ugly death[1] within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,[2]

[8] —— *to Burgundy;*] Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French King, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the Duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the Duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August, 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick. *Malone.*

[9] *What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!*] See Mr. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 157. Milton's *Poems*, second edit. 1791. *Steevens.*

[1] *What sights of ugly death* —] Thus the folio. The quarto has —What ugly sights of death. *Malone.*

[2] *Inestimable stones*, unvalued *jewels*,] *Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*. So, in Lovelace's *Posthumous Poems*, 1659:

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All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom[3] of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul,[4] and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;[5]
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,[6]
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[7] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*

" —— the *unvalew'd* robe she wore,
" Made infinite lay lovers to adore." *Malone.*

[3] *That* woo'd *the slimy bottom* —] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to *ogle* it. *Johnson.*

[4] Kept *in my soul,*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Stopt* in. *Malone.*

[5] *To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;*] Perhaps we should point thus:

To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air.

that is, to seek the immense vacuity. *Vast* is used by our author as a substantive in other places See Vol. VI, p. 164, n. 3.

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598, the folio has *find.* *Malone.*

—— *empty,* vast, *and wand'ring air;*] *Vast,* is *waste, desolate—vastum per inane. Steevens.*

[6] —— *within my panting* bulk,] *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body.* So again, in *Hamlet:*

" —— it did seem to shatter all his *bulk,*
" And end his being." *Malone.*

[7] —— grim *ferryman* —] The folio reads—*sour* ferryman. *Steevens.*

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Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood;[8] and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,[9]—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me,[1] and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,[2]

[8] —— *with bright hair*
Dabbled in blood;] Lee has transplanted this image into his *Mithridates*, Act IV, sc. i:

"I slept; but oh, a dream so full of terror,
"The pale, the trembling midnight ravisher
"Ne'er saw, when cold Lucretia's mourning shadow
"His curtains drew, and lash'd him in his eyes
"With her *bright tresses, dabbled in her blood.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— fleeting, *perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides. Johnson.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— now the *fleeting* moon
"No planet is of mine."

Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother King Edward IV. See Vol. X, p. 406. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *a legion of foul fiends*
Environ'd me, &c.] Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour,* in the 4th Book of *Paradise Regain'd:*

"—— nor yet stay'd the terror there,
"Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
"Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd —." *Steevens.*

[2] *O God! if my deep prayers* &c.] The four following lines have been added since the first edition. *Pope.*

They are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. *Malone.*

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But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife,[3] and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;[4]
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [CLAR. *reposes himself on a Chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons,[5] and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;[6]
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:[7]
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers

1 *Murd.* Ho! who 's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

[3] —— *my guiltless wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See p. 47, n. 8. *Malone.*

[4] *I pray thee, gentle keeper,* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

"Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me a while." *Malone.*

[5] *Sorrow breaks seasons,* &c.] In the common editions, the Keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. *Pope.*

The keeper, introduced in the quarto, 1598, was, in fact, Brakenbury, who was Lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right. *Malone.*

[6] *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour for an inward toil;] The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. *Johnson.*

[7] ——*for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of restless cares:] They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. *Johnson.*

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1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—
Let him see our commission; talk no more.[8]

[*A Paper is delivered to* BRAK. *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;[9]—there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* BRAK.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he 'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he 'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I 'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this "holy" humour of mine[1] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

compassionate MS. Mal.

[8] *Let him see our commission;* &c.] Thus the second folio. Other copies, with measure evidently defective—
"Show him our commission, talk no more." *Steevens.*

[9] *Here are the keys;* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:
"There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys." *Malone.*

[1] —— *this* holy *humour of mine* —] Thus the early quarto. The folio has—this *passionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have substituted *compassionate,* unnecessarily. *Passionate,*

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1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed 's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where 's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there 's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I 'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him: a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.[2]

though not so good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently intelligible. See Vol. VII, p. 330, n. 3.

The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the author's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I, c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word, *'faith. Malone.*

[2] *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee,* &c.] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind,* who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it,* namely, conscience. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. *Steevens.*

In *The Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conscience,* and the Devil. But though conscience

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1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd,[3] he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow,[4] that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard[5] with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we 'll reason[6] with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to, ——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

were not here personified, Shakspeare would have used *him* instead of *it*. He does so in almost every page of these plays. *Malone.*

[3] *I am strong*-fram'd,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am strong in *fraud* *Malone.*

[4] *Spoke like a tall fellow,*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout, daring, fearless*, and *strong*.
So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
"—— good soldiers, and *tall* fellows." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the* costard —] i. e. the head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"One and two rounds at his *costard*."
Hence likewise the term—*costar*-monger. See Vol. IV, p. 44, n. 3, and p. 47, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *we 'll reason* —] We 'll talk. *Johnson.*
So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday." *Steevens.*

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And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.
2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,[7]
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest[8] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,[9]
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,[1]

[7] *Are you* call'd *forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read:
Are ye cull'd *forth* ———. *Johnson.*
The folio reads;
" Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men."
I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:
" Art thou *call'd* forth amongst a thousand men
" To minister this soveraigne antidote?" *Steevens.*
The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. *Malone.*

[8] *What lawful* quest —] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. *Johnson.*
So, in *Hamlet:*
" —— crowner's *quest* law." *Steevens.*

[9] *Before I be convict* &c.] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by *Edward;* but he does not *assert* that the Duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talk'd with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. See p. 47, n. 8. *Malone.*

[1] —— *as you hope* for any goodness,] The quarto reads:
" As you hope *to have redemption.*"
I have adopted the former words, for the sake of introducing variety; the idea of *redemption* being comprised in the very next line. *Steevens.*
This arbitrary alteration was made, and the subsequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I, c. 21. *Malone.*

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By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear[2] degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publickly;[3]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,[4]

[2] ——*dear*—] This is a word of mere enforcement, and very frequently occurs, with different shades of meaning, in our author. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"And strain what other means is left unto us,
"In our *dear* peril." *Steevens.*

[3] *O, know you,* that &c.] The old copies—O, know you *yet,*—but we should read—*that* instead of *yet.* In the MS. copy *that* would naturally have been written y^t. Hence the mistake, which I have corrected, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

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That princely novice,[5] was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed,[3] go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.[7]

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[4] —— *springing, — Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *spring* of life. *Johnson.*

So, in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:

"That wouldest me my *springing youth* to spill." *Malone.*

When gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-springing.* Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play, he uses *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring. Tyrwhitt.*

[5] —— *novice,*] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. *Johnson.*

[6] *If you are hir'd for* meed,] Thus the quarto 1597 and the folio. The quarto 1598, reads—If you *be* hired for *need*; which is likewise sense: If it be *necessity* which induces you to commit this murder. *Malone.*

[7] —— *your brother Gloster hates you.*] Mr. Walpole, some years ago, suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great Earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the Dutchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward Prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately published. *Paston Letters*, Vol. II, p. 91: "Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelihood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say." *Malone.*

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And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.[8]

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?— *As you would beg*
Were you in my distress, to pity me.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
"As you would beg, were you in my distress." &.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?[9]

[8] —— *and save your souls*, &c.] The six following lines are not in the old edition. [i. e. the quarto.] *Pope.*

They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *what beggar pities not?*] I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner:

Clar. *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*

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2 *Murd.* Look behind you my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*

I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done?

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

Vil. *A begging prince!*
Clar. *Which of you, if you were a prince's son,* &c.
Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him. *Johnson.*

Mr. Pope's note is not accurately stated. I believe this passage should be regulated thus:

Clar. Relent and save your souls.
1. *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you if you were a prince's son,
Being pent——
If two such——
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy——
O, if thine eye——
Come thou on my side and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not. *Tyrwhitt.*

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that these lines have been inserted in a wrong place. *Malone.*

I have regulated the text according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's instruction. *Steevens.*

A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this, in the quarto, the murderer replies:

"I, thus and thus: if this will not serve
"I 'll chop thee in the malmesey but in the next roome."

and then stabs him. *Steevens.*

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ACT II.....SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (*led in sick*) *Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace[1] my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred,[2] swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

[1] *And* more *in peace* —] The folio—*more to* peace. The quarto —And *now* in peace —. *Steevens.*

[2] Dissemble *not your hatred,*] i. e. do not gloss it over. *Steevens.* I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover over your secret ill will to each other by a show of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your bosoms. *Malone.*

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K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* Dor.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*to the* Queen] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*Embracing* Riv. &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.[3]

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,[4]

3 —— *here comes the noble duke.*] So the quarto. The folio reads:
"And in good time
"Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke." *Malone.*

4 *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,*] So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemistich are printed in

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Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;[5]—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know[6] that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility,

the old copies, as one line; a mistake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of these plays. Mr. Pope, by whose licentious alterations our author's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage;* in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

[5] ——*frown'd on me;*] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds—

"Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—"

The eldest son of Earl Rivers was Lord Scales; but there was no such person as Lord Woodville. *Malone.*

[6] *I do not know* &c.] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this observation: "The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; *I intended,* saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like saith Richard, Act II, sc. i:

"I do not know that Englishman alive,
"With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
"More than the infant that is born to-night;
"I thank my god for my humility."

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." *Steevens.*

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Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,[7]
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,[8]
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit,[9] sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,[1]

[7] *Some tardy cripple* &c.] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of *The Barons' Wars:*

" Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
" Comfort 's a *cripple*, and comes ever slow " *Steevens.*

[8] *Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,*] In *Macbeth* we have the same play on words:

" —— the near in blood,
" The nearer bloody." *Steevens.*

[9] *The forfeit,*] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. *Johnson.*

[1] *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qua-

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And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him?[2] who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?[3]
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;

lities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the King endeavour to communicate the crime to others. *Johnson.*

2 *Who sued to me for him?* &c.] This pathetick speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V*, inserted by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Insomuch that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie say, and openly speake, O infortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suite! openly and apparently meaning by suche words that by the means of some of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confusion." *Malone.*

3 —— *be* advis'd?] i. e. deliberate; consider what I was about to do. So, in *The Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II, p. 279: "Written in haste with short *advisement*," &c. See also, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. II, p. 179, n. 3. *Malone.*

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Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.[4] O, &
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Duchess of York,[5] *with a Son and Daughter of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,[6] you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;

[4] *Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.*] Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to King Edward IV. *Malone.*

[5] *Enter the Duchess of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. *Malone.*

[6] —— *my pretty cousins,*] The Duchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grand-children, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. *Malone.*

See note on *Othello*, Act I, sc. i. *Steevens.*

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It were lost sorrow, to wail one that 's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,[7]
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,[8] grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS, *and* DORSET, *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—

[7] Incapable *and shallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*. *Malone.*

So, in *Hamlet*:

"As one *incapable* of her own distress." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *my uncle did* dissemble,] Shakspeare uses *dissemble* in the sense of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think; though strictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So also Milton in the passage quoted in p. 61, n 6. *Malone.*

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Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.[9]

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:[1]
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;[2]
And I for comfort have but one false glass
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

[9] —— *of* perpetual *rest.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*of ne'er changing night. Malone.*

[1] —— *his images:*] The children by whom he was represented. *Johnson.*
So, in *The Rape of Lucrece,* Lucretius says to his daughter:
"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn." *Malone.*

[2] *But now, two* mirrors *of his princely semblance*
Are crack'd *in pieces by malignant* death;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Poor *broken glass,* I often did behold
"In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
"But now, that fair fresh *mirror,* dim and old,
"Shows me a bare-bon'd *death* by time out-worn."
Again, in his 3d Sonnet:
"Thou art thy mother's *glass,*" &c. *Malone.*

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That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,[3]
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he 's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:[4]
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:[5]—

[3] —— *being govern'd by the watry moon,*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. *Johnson.*

The same thought has already occurred in *K. Henry IV,* P. I: "—— being *governed,* as the sea is, *by the moon.*" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *and so do I:*] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—so *do not they. Malone.*

[5] *I for an Edward weep, so do not they:*] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line stand thus:

"These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
"I for an Edward weep, *and so do they.*"

The end of the second line is evidently corrupted. In the MS. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

"These babes for Clarence weep, [*and so do I;*
"*I for an Edward weep,*] so do NOT they."

But the compositor's eye passing over two half lines, the passage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

"These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they."

I have stated this matter thus particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays; that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties in our author's works have arisen from the omission of either single words, single lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs

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Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,[6]
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,[7]
For it requires[8] the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee

which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays, of which there is no authentick copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces, of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence.

See Vol. VII, p. 87, n. 4; Vol. VIII, p. 51, n. 2, and p. 296, n. 2; Vol. X, p. 220, n. 5; *Coriolanus*, Vol. XIII, Act II, sc. iii; and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. XIII, Act IV, sc. x.

In this note, and throughout this play, where I have spoken of *the quarto*, without any specification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earliest which I had then seen. The quarto 1597, I find, corresponds with the text. *Malone.*

[6] *Comfort, dear mother;* &c.] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. *Malone.*

[7] —— *to be thus* opposite with *heaven,*] This was the phraseology of the time. *Malone.*

[8] For *it requires* —] i. e. because. So, in *Othello*:
" Haply, *for* I am black" ——. *Stevens.*

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I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:[9]
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd[1]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with[2] some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

[9] *The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,*
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must *gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:*] As this passage stands, it is the rancour of their hearts that is to be preserv'd and cherished.—But we must not attempt to amend this mistake, as it seems to proceed from the inadvertency of Shakspeare himself. *M. Mason.*

Their broken *rancour* recently *splinted* and *knit*, the poet considers as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. *Malone.*

[1] *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*—] Edward the young prince, in his father's life time, and at his demise, kept his houshold at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. *Theobald.*

[2] *Why with* &c.] This line and the following seventeen lines are found only in the folio. *Malone.*

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And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me;[3] and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures[4] in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCK. *and* GLO.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story[5] we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

[3] Riv. *And so in me;*] This speech (as a modern editor has observed) seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the Duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley. *Malone.*

[4] ——*your* censures —] To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"—— yet if I *censure* freely,
"I needs must think that face and personage
"Was ne'er deriv'd from baseness."

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,
"And saith, let Marius lead the legions forth."

Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

"Set each man forth his passions how he can,
"And let her *censure* make the happiest man." *Steevens.*

[5] *I'll sort occasion,*
As index *to the story* —] i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet:*

"That storms so loud and thunders in the *index*."

See the note on that passage. *Malone.*

Again, in *Othello:* "—— an *index* and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts." *Steevens.*

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My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then,[6] for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter Two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself;
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king 's dead.[7]

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:[8]
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that 's govern'd by a child![9]

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

[6] *Towards* Ludlow *then,*] The folio here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* reads—*London.* Few of our author's plays stand more in need of the assistance furnished by a collation with the quartos, than that before us. *Malone.*

[7] Yes; *the king's dead.*] Thus the second folio. The first, without regard to measure—

Yes, that *the king is dead. Steevens.*

[8] —— *seldom comes* the *better:*] A proverbial saying, taken notice of in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman,* 4to. bl. l. 1596, sign. B: "—— as the proverb sayth, *seldome come the better. Val.* That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the most part true," &c. *Reed.*

The modern editors read—*a* better. The passage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and shows how very dangerous it is to disturb our author's phraseology, merely because it is not familiar to our ears at present. *Malone.*

[9] *Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!*]

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."

Ecclesiastes, ch. x. *Steevens.*

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With That, in his nonage, council under him,[1]
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks:
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man[1]
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change,[3] still is it so:

[1] That, *in his nonage, council under him,*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently used by our author for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect that one was rather omitted after it. *Malone.*

[2] *You cannot* reason *almost with a man* —] To *reason*, is to *converse*. So, in *King John:*

" Our griefs, and not our manners, *reason* now."

See Vol. VII, p 390, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[3] *Before the days of change*, &c.] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III, p. 721: " Before such great things, men's hearts

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By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Duchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:[4]

of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." *Tollet.*

It is evident in this passage, that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to *St. Luke*. See ch. xxi, 25, &c. *Henley.*

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above—

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." *Malone.*

[4] *Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;*
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:] Thus both the folios. The quartos, as well as the modern editors, read:

Last night, I heard, they lay at *Northampton;*
At *Stony-Stratford* they do rest to-night.

I have followed the folios; the historical fact being as there represented. The Prince and his company did, in their way to London, actually lie at *Stony-Stratford* one night, and were the next morning taken back by the Duke of Gloucester to *Northampton*, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edward V, fol. 6. See also, *Remarks* &c. *on the last edition of Shakspeare,* [that of 1778,] p. 133. *Reed.*

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbishop is speaking, the King had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the author's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young King is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the Archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the King would reach Stony-

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To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;

Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding scene, in which Gloster, though in London, talks of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow. See p. 71, n. 6.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the King was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the Messenger's account of the peers being seiz'd, &c. which was on the next day after the King had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the King was seized; but the Archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the Duke of Gloster's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the King had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the Queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the King's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V, fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it possible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenor and scope of the present scene. If the Archbishop had known that the young King was carried back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him, were sent to prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger in p. 76, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The Messenger says, the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent my Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1597. *Malone.*

Shakspeare does not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. As historical truth, therefore, which ever reading be chosen, must be violated, I am content with such an arrangement

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I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing,[5] when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,[6]
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:[7]—Go to, you are too shrewd.

as renders the versification smoothest. Where sense cannot claim a preference, a casting vote may be safely given in favour of sound. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the* wretched'st *thing,*] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry, pitiful,* being below expectation. *Johnson.*

Rather, the weakest, most puny, least thriving. *Ritson.*

[6] —— *been remember'd,*] *To be remembered* is, in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. *Johnson.*

[7] *A* parlous *boy:*] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks,* &c. 1608:

"A *parlous* youth, sharp and satirical." *Steevens.*

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Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.[8]

Enter a Messenger.[9]

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, As grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret, With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?[1]
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd; Why, or for what, the nobles were committed, Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house! The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;[2]

It is a corruption of *perilous*, dangerous; the reading of the old quartos. The Queen evidently means to chide him. *Ritson.*

[8] *Pitchers have ears.*] Shakspeare has not quoted this proverbial saying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pitiefull*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, that the old proverb is this: "*Small* pitchers have *great* ears." *Malone.*

This proverb has already occurred in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "*Pitchers have ears*, and I have many servants." *Ritson.*

[9] *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset. Steevens.*

[1] *For what offence?*] This question is given to the Archbishop in former copies, but the Messenger plainly speaks to the Queen or Duchess. *Johnson.*

The question is given in the quarto to the Archbishop (or Cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious *lady*. The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*; but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the Archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qu.* than that *lady* should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of *lord*. Compositors always keep the names of the interculators in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise. *Malone.*

[2] *The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle* hind;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

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Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless[3] throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more![4]

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewel.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary.[5] [*Exeunt.*

" —— While she, the picture of pure piety,
" Like a white *hind* under the grype's sharp claws —."
Malone.

[3] —— *awless* —] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*. *Johnson.*

[4] *Or let me die, to look on* death *no more!*] *Earth* is the reading of all the copies, from the first edition put out by the players, downwards. But I have restored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quartos, by which the thought is finely and properly improved:
Or let me die, *to look* on death *no more*. *Theobald.*

[5] —— *I 'll resign unto your grace*
The seal I keep; &c.] Afterwards, however, this obsequious Archbishop [*Rotheram*] to ingratiate himself with King Richard III, put his majesty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the Publick Library, Cambridge. *Steevens.*

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ACT III.....SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* BOURCHIER,[6] *and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[7]

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.[8]
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

6 *Cardinal Bourchier,*] Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486. *Malone.*

7 —— *to your* chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regis. Pope.*

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, Part II:

"This city, *our great chamber.*" *Steevens.*

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. See *Coke's* 4 Inst. 243, where it is styled *Camera Regis*; Camden's *Britannia*, 374; Ben Jonson's Account of King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation, &c. *Reed.*

8 —— jumpeth *with the heart.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine." *Steevens.*

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Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fy, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time,[9] here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fy! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here:[1] But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:[2]
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,[3]

9 —— *in good time,*] De bonne heure. Fr. *Steevens.*

1 Anon *expect him here:* &c.] The word—*anon,* may safely be omitted. It only serves to vitiate the measure. *Steevens.*

2 *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional:] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. *Warburton.*

3 *Weigh it but with the* grossness *of* this *age,*] But the more *gross,* that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could

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You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.[4]

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt* Card. *and* HAST.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case: It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus:

Weigh it but with the greenness *of* his *age*,

i. e. the young Duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true:

—— *the* greatness of his *age*. *Warburton.*

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand:

Weigh it but with the grossness *of* this age,
You break not sanctuary, ——

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. *Johnson.*

The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*grossness*. *Greatness* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622. *Malone.*

4 *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;* &c.] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: "—— And verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children," &c. *Steevens.*

More's *Life of King Edward V* was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument. *Malone.*

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If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.[5]

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,[6]
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.[7]
[*Aside.*

[5] *He did* &c.] I suppose, this and the following line, (the useless epithet—*gracious*, omitted,) should be read thus:

He did, my lord, begin that place; which, since,
Succeeding ages have re-edify'd. *Steevens.*

[6] *As 'twere* retail'd *to all posterity,*] And so it is; and, by that means, like most other *retail'd* things, became adulterated. We should read:

—— intail'd *to all posterity;*

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children: which it is impiety to deprive them of. *Warburton.*

Retailed may signify diffused, dispersed. *Johnson.*

Retailed means handed down from one to another.—Goods *retailed*, are those which pass from one purchaser to another.—Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth Act, where speaking to the Queen of her daughter, he says—

"To whom I will *retail* my conquests won." *M. Mason.*

Minsheu in his *Dictionary*, 1617, besides the verb *retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb "to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renombrer*, a Lat. renumerare;" and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here. *Malone.*

[7] *So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*]

"*Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,*"

a proverbial line. *Steevens.*

Bright, in his *Treatise on Melancholy*, 1586, p. 52, says—"I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wisdome, surpassing those tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that

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Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.[8] } *Aside.*

by disease, which other have by course of yeares: whereon I take it, the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of short life who are of wit so pregnant.*" *Reed.*

[8] *Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.] By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was to play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Harlequin) he was to make sport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and encreased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend, (or *vice*) who personated Iniquity, (or Hypocrisy, for instance,) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. *Theobald.*

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personages of those sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester: and, (as the woman, in *The Merchant of Venice*, calls the Clown, alluding to the character,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's *Staple of News*, second intermeane:

"*M.* How like you the *vice* i' the play?

"*T.* Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.

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Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

" *M.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs."

And, in *The Devil 's an Ass*, we see this old *vice Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice, Iniquity*, must be corrupt: and the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice*, or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakspeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspence, my conjecture is, that Shakspeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner:

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the mythologic learning of the ancients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your all-wise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themselves called their remote antiquity, Διχόμυθον, or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall now only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all wisdom but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading—

I moralize two meanings ———

is nonsense: but reformed in this manner very sensible:

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the ancients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the ancients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating.

Warburton.

This alteration Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

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His wit set down, to make his valour live:

So young so wise, they say, do ne'er live long.

in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the Prince's death. *Johnson.*

The Prince having caught some part of the former line, asks Richard what he says, who, in order to deceive him, preserves in his reply, the latter words of the line, but substitutes other words at the beginning of it, of a different import from those he had uttered.—This is the equivocation that Gloster really made use of, though it does not correspond with his own description of it:

I moralize—two meanings *in one word.*

Word is not here taken in its literal sense, but means a *saying*, a *short sentence*, as *motto* does in Italian, and *bon-mot* in French. —So, in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says:

"Let the *word* be, *Not without mustard;* thy crest is rare."

M. Mason.

From the following stage direction, in an old dramatick piece, entituled, *Histriomastix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,

"The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal."

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted." *Steevens*

Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to support his capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which in my apprehension carries neither conviction, nor information with it.

The *Vice, Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings* in one word."

Our author has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,

"More than his eyes were open to the light."

In which passage it means, "to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our author in *Much Ado about*

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Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;[9]
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly[1] have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*

Nothing, for a *secret meaning*: "There is some *moral* in this Benedictus." See Vol. IV, p. 254, n. 2; and Vol. IX, p. 375, n. 2. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mr. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One* word."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's *Dict.* "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jester, &c. in a play."] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, INIQUITY, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shown, from Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, and *The Devil's an Ass*, that *Iniquity* was *sometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note in the foregoing page, shows, that he was not always so.

The *formal* Vice perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible* Vice.—In *The Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Vol. III, p. 239, n. 2: "—this is evident to any *formal* capacity." *Malone.*

[9] ——*of* this *conqueror*;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read corruptly—of *his* conqueror. *Malone.*

[1] ——*lightly*—] Commonly, in ordinary course. *Johnson.*

So, in the old Proverb: "There 's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3d.

Again, in *Penny-wise and Pound-foolish*, &c.—"Misfortunes seldome walke alone; and so when blessings doe knocke at a man's dore, they *lightly* are not without followers and fellowes."

Again, Holinshed, p. 725, concerning one of King Edward's concubines: "——one whom no one could get out of the church *lightly* to any place, but it were to his bed."

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Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord;[2] so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died,[3] that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.[4]

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.[5]

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels:*

"He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." *Steevens.*

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.] That is, short summers are usually *preceded* by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloster's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. *Malone.*

[2] —— *dread lord;*] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus.* *Johnson.*

[3] *Too* late *he died,*] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. *Warburton.*

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"—— I did give that life,
"Which she too early, and *too late* hath spill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"The mercy that was quick in us but *late,*" &c. *Malone.*

[4] *I pray you, uncle,* then, *give me this dagger.*] *Then* was added, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[5] *And, being but a toy, which is no* grief *to give.*] The reading of the quartos is—*gift.* The first folio reads:

And, being but a toy, which is no grief *to give.*

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Glo. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it?
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly,[6] were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,[7]

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think, erroneously, by all the editors. *Johnson.*

The quarto 1612 reads:

——— *no* grief ——— *Steevens.*

——*which is no* grief *to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which, induces no *regret*. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus:

"And being a toy, *it is* no grief to give." *Malone.*

[6] *I weigh it lightly*, &c.] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads:

I 'd *weigh it lightly*, ——

i. e. I could manage it though it were heavier. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton is right. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, sc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that 's you care not for me."

Steevens.

[7] *Because that I am little, like an ape,*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a *bear*. The Duke therefore in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. *Johnson.*

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies:*

"A gypsy in his shape,
"More calls the beholder,
"Than *the fellow with the ape*,
"Or *the ape on his shoulder.*"

Again, in *The First Part of the Eighth liberall Science, entituled Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1576:

"—thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape*."

See likewise Hogarth's *Humours of an Election*, plate IV.

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He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord,[8] will 't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?[9]*

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

York also alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens, as it supplied the place of a porter's knot. *Steevens.*

I do not believe that the reproach is what Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the scorn* he meant to *give his uncle*. In the third Act of the *Third Part of King Henry VI*, the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says:

"To make an envious mountain on my back,
"Where sits deformity, to mock my body." *M. Mason.*

[8] *My* gracious *lord,*] For the insertion of the word *gracious*, I am answerable. Gloster has already used the same address. The defect of the metre shows that a word was omitted at the press. *Malone.*

[9] *Why*, sir, &c.] The word—*sir*, was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Without it this half line is harsh, and quite unmetrical. *Steevens.*

* The addition of *Sir* by Mr. Hanmer may render this line more pleasing to the delicate ear of Mr. Steevens, but his sense of propriety should have rejected it as an unwarrantable and unnecessary interpolation. He certainly had no authority for sinking the title of his grace, and had he paid any attention to the language of Gloster, when he addresses the duke of York, he could not have committed an error so gross. *Am. Ed.*

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Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. *and Attend.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,[1]
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;[2]
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—
Come hither, gentle Catesby;[3] thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

[1] *Was not* incensed *by his subtle mother,*] *Incensed* means here, *incited* or *suggested*. So, in *King Henry VIII*, Gardiner says of Cranmer:

" ——— I have
" *Incens'd* the lords of the council, that he is
" A most arch heretick "

And, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says to Pedro: " — how Don John your brother *incensed* me to slander the lady Hero." *M. Mason.*

[2] — *capable;*] here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. See p. 65, n. 7. *Malone.*

So again, in *Troilus and Cressida:* " Let me carry another to his horse, for that 's the more *capable* creature." *Ritson.*

[3] —— gentle *Catesby;*] I have supplied the epithet—*gentle*, for the same reasons urged by Mr. Malone in the foregoing page, n. 9, in defence of a similar insertion. *Steevens.*

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If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,[4]
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATES.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:[5]—

4 —— divided *councils,*] That is, a *private consultation, separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:

"Bid him not fear the *separated* councils." *Johnson.*

This circumstance is conformable to history. Hall, p. 13, says, "When the protectour had both the chyldren in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to threst to se the ende of his enterprize. And, to avoyde all suspicion, he caused all the lords which he knewe to bee faithfull to the kynge, to assemble at Baynardes Castle, to comen of the ordre of the coronacion, whyle he and other of his complices, and of his affinitee, at Crosbies-place, contrived the contrary, and to make the protectour kyng: to which counsail there were adhibite very fewe, and they very secrete." *Reed.*

Mr. Reed has shown from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our author's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place,* as fast were they in *another place,* contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king."—"—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mislyked *these two several councels.*" *Malone.*

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And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[6]

Before Lord Hastings' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*within*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from lord Stanley.
Hast. [*within*] What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then, —
Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:[7]

[5] —— *will* do:] The folio reads—will *determine*. *Steevens.*

[6] *Scene II.*] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from Holinshed's Chronicle, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *the* boar *had* rased *off his helm:*] This term *rased* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a *boar*.
So, in *King Lear*, 4to edit:
"In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII, ch. xxxvi:
"—— ha, cur, avaunt, the bore so *rase* thy hide!"
By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloster, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. *Steevens.*
So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "The selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *boare* with his tuskes so *rased* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the

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Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour,[8] and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;[9]
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:[1]
And for his dreams—I wonder, he 's so fond[2]
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie, if the lord Hastings would go with him," &c. *Malone.*

[8] *His* honour,] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time. *Malone.*

See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act I, sc, i, where the same address occurs: " All happiness to your *honour!*" *Steevens.*

[9] *And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;* &c.] So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575:

" I fear'd the end; my Catesby being there
" Discharg'd all doubts; him hold I most entyre."

Malone.

[1] —— *wanting instance:*] That is, *wanting* some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reason. *Johnson.*

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*instancie.* *Malone.*

The folio reads—*without* instance. *Steevens.*

Instance seems to mean, *symptom* or *prognostick*. We find the word used in a similar sense, in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Egeon, describing his shipwreck, says:

" A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
" Before the always wind-obeying deep
" Gave any tragick *instance* of our harm " *M. Mason.*

[2] —— *so* fond —] i. e. so weak, silly. Thus, in *King Lear*:

" I am a very foolish, *fond* old man." *Steevens.*

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Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing, that yet think not on 't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear

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To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cates. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,[3] Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,[4]
I do not like these several councils,[5] I.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;[6]
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;[7]
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.[8]—Wot you what, my lord?

[3] —— and *good morrow,*] *And* was supplied by Sir Thoms Hanmer, to assist the measure. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the holy* rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:
"Whan hir swete sone shall on a *rood* deye." *Steevens.*

[5] *I do not like these several councils,*] See p. 90, n. 4. *Malone.*

[6] *My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;*] Thus the first folio. The quartos—(profoundly ignorant of our author's elliptical mode of expressing himself, and in contempt of metre,)—
—— *as dear as* you do *yours.* *Steevens.*

[7] —— *I* misdoubt;] i. e. suspect it of danger. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:
"———— the bird ——
"With trembling wings *misdoubteth* every bush."
Steevens.

[8] —— *have with you.*] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something a long with you*, or *I have something to say to you.* *Johnson.*

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To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth,[9] might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let 's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I 'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATES.

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it,[1] to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his Purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Purs.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord: I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John,[2] with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;[3]

This phrase so frequently occurs in Shakspeare, that I wonder Johnson should, in his tenth volume, mistake its meaning. It signifies merely "I will go along with you;" and is an expression in use at this day.

In *The First Part of King Henry VI*, when Suffolk is going out, Somerset says—"*Have with you*;" and then follows him. In *Othello*, Iago says:

"Captain, will you go?"

"Oth. *Have with you.*"

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says:

"Will you go, Mrs. Page?"

To which she replies:

"*Have with you.*" *M. Mason.*

[9] *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their *honesty*. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *hold it,*] That is, *continue* it. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *good* sir *John,*] *Sir* was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy. See Vol. III, p. 9, n. 1. *Malone.*

[3] —— *exercise;*] Performance of divine service. *Johnson.*

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Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.[4]

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.[5]

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession. So, in sc vii:

"To draw him from his holy *exercise*." *Malone.*

Exercise, I believe, means only religious exhortation, or lecture. So, in *Othello*:

"Much castigation, *exercise* devout." *Steevens.*

[4] *Enter* Buckingham.] From the Continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last Act of this play as Earl of Surrey:

"The same morning ere he [Hastings] were up from his bed where Shore's wife lay with him all night there came to him sir Thomas Haward, [Howard] sonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courtesaie, to accoumpaignie him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as the lord Hastings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and hasted him away. This sir Thomas, while the lord Hastings stayed a while commonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? You have no nede of a priest yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have neade of one sone" Fol. 59. *Malone.*

[5] —— shriving work *in hand*] *Shriving work* is *confession*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— the bearers put to sudden death,
"Not *shriving* time allow'd." *Steevens.*

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SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY,[6] *and* VAUGHAN, *to Execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.[7]

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit[8] of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—

[6] —— *Grey,*] Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for losing her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is as remarkable how slightly the death of our Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the Lord Chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story, from the tragick rather than the historick authors. *Walpole.*

[7] *Come, bring forth the prisoners.*] This speech is wanting in the folio, and might (as it has neither use, nor pretensions to metre,) be as well omitted as retained. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *the* limit —] For *the limited time.* See Vol. VIII, p. 149, n. 8. *Malone.*

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Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.[9]
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* Ely,[1] CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

[9] *Make haste, the hour of death is* expiate.] Thus the folio. The quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:

"Despatch; the limit of your lives is out."

Expiate is used for *expiated;* so *confiscate, contaminate, consummate,* &c. &c. It seems to mean, *fully completed,* and *ended.* Shakspeare has again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my *days* should *expiate.*"

So, in *Locrine,* 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily—

"Despatch; the hour of death is *now expir'd.*"

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. *Malone.*

—— *the hour of death is* expiate.] As I cannot make sense of this, I should certainly read, with the second folio:

"—— the hour of death is *now expired,*"

meaning the hour appointed for his death. The passage quoted by Mr. Malone from *Locrine,* is nothing to the purpose, for there, to *expiate* means to *atone for,* or satisfy. *M. Mason.*

I do not well understand the reading which Mr. Malone prefers, though I have left it in the text Perhaps we should read:

—— the hour of death is expirate;

which accords with Shakspeare's phraseology, and needs no explanation. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— and *expire* the term
"Of a despised life —." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Bishop of Ely,*] Dr. John Morton, who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised

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In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.[2]
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[3]* with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,[4] my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—

the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV, and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose. *Malone.*

[2] —— *and wants but nomination.*] i. e. the only thing wanting, is the appointment of a particular day for the ceremony. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *inward* —] i. e. intimate, confidential. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Sir, I was an *inward of his.*" *Steevens.*

* Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"And though you know, my *inwardness* and love." *Am. Ed.*

[4] *Had you not come upon your* cue,] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue, queue,* or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue,* therefore, is to come at the proper time. *Johnson.*

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I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries[5] in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I 'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLO. *and* BUCK.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

[5] *I saw good strawberries*—] The reason why the Bishop was despatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the British Museum:

Elienais antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga *plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS,

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi,
Quo sim tibi gratus.

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. *Steevens.*

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Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,[6]
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think, there 's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood[7] he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,[8]

[6] *There 's some* conceit *or other likes him well,*] *Conceit* is *thought*. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Here is a thing too young for such a place,
"Who, if it had *conceit*, would die." *Malone.*

Conceit, as used by Hastings, I believe signifies—*pleasant idea* or *fancy*. So Falstaff, speaking of Poins,—"He a good wit?—there is no more *conceit* in him, than is in a mallet." *Steevens.*

[7] ——*likelihood*—] Semblance; appearance. *Johnson.*

So, in another of our author's plays:

"—— poor *likelihoods*, and modern seemings." *Steevens.*

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*livelihood*. *Malone.*

[8] *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve*, &c.] This story was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *History of King Richard III*, was inserted in Hall's Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's authority:

"Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful soure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthie to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon the left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but

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That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, ——

Glo. If![9] thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—

was there present, but well knewe his arme was ever such since his birth. Navthelesse the lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, as it is saide, he that while forbare her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) aunswered and said, Certainly, my lord, *if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.* What, quoth the protectour, thou servest me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands:* I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, traison, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee traitor.—Then were they all quickely bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *speede him and shrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.* So was he brought forth into the greene beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maister* John *Dolman*, the author of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse.

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently. *Malone.*

[9] *If!* &c.] For this circumstance see Holinshed, Hall, and *The Mirrour for Magistrates. Farmer.*

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Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;[1]—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.[2]

[*Exeunt Council, with* GLO. *and* BUCK.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;

1 *Lovel, and* Catesby, *look, that it be done;*] In former copies:
Lovel, and Ratcliff, *look, that it be done.*

The scene is here in the Tower; and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, *in the old quarto,* no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"*some* see it done." Nor, *in that edition,* does *Lovel* appear in the next scene; but only *Catesby,* bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary that *Catesby* should be employed *to fetch* the Mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have adopted the emendation, because in *one* scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where *Ratcliff* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

"*Rich.* But what, is *Catesby* gone?

"*Buck.* He is, and see he brings the Mayor along."

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to *Lovel* only; because Gloster in the folio mentions *two* persons:

"Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff,* and Lovel."

Malone.

2 *The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me." *Malone.*

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But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,[3]
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

[3] *Three times to-day my* foot-cloth *horse did* stumble, *&c.*] So, in *The Legend of Lord Hastings*, by M. D. 1563. [Master Dolman.]

"My palfrey, in the playnest paved streete,
"Thryse bow'd his boanes, thryse kneled on the flower,
"Thryse shonnd (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower."

To *stumble* was anciently esteem'd a bad omen. So, in *The Honest Lawyer:* "And just at the threshold Master Bromley *stumbled.* Signs! signs!"

The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth.* So, in Ben Jonson's play called *The Case is Altered:*

"I 'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I 'll turn gentleman."

Again, in *A fair Quarrel*, by Middleton, 1617:

"—— thou shalt have a physician,
"The best that gold can fetch upon his *foot-cloth*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1610:

"—— nor shall I need to try
"Whether my well-greas'd tumbling *foot-cloth* nag
"Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catchpole." *Steevens.*

Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;—

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous case it is to heare, either the warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not voide, for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. [See p 91, n. 7.]—Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twise or thrise *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling: which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward: yet hath it beene of an old rite and cūstome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune."

Malone.

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Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,[4]
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophecy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block,[5] bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower-Walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour,*[7] *marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw

[4] *Who builds* &c.] So, Horace:
"*Nescius* auræ *fallacis.*" *Johnson.*

[5] *Come, lead me to the block,*] William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII, in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. *Malone.*

[6] *They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.*] i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. *Malone.*

[7] ——*in rusty armour,* &c.] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constreined them." *Steevens.*

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Intending deep suspicion:[8] ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor, ——

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.[9]

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF,[1] *with* HASTINGS's *Head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,[2]
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;[3]

[8] Intending *deep suspicion:*] i. e. pretending. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio."
Steevens.

See Vol. VI, p. 106, n. 8. *Malone.*

[9] *Hark,* hark! *a drum.*] I have repeated the interjection—*hark,* for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[1] *Enter Lovel and* Ratcliff,] The quarto has—"Enter *Catesby,* with Hastings' head," and Gloster, on his entry, says—"O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby." For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are answerable.
Malone.

[2] —— *harmless't* creature,] The old copies read *harmless;* but grammar requires harmless't, (i. e. harmlessest,) a common contraction, as I am assured, both in Leicestershire and Warwickshire. So afterwards, p. 107, we have covert'*et* for covert*est.*
Steevens.

[3] —— *the earth a Christian;*] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor.

This hemistich I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse:

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Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation[4] with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were 't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

"Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
"That ever liv'd.
"Would you imagine," &c.

I have since observed, that Mr. Capell has the same transposition. *Steevens.*

4 —— *his conversation* —] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase —*criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use. *Malone.*

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As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,[5]
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit* Lord May.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,[6]
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, listed[7] to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them,[8] when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,

[5] *But since you came too late* of *our intent,*] Perhaps we should read—"too late *for our intent.*" *M. Mason.*

The old reading I suppose to be the true one. We still say "to come short *of* a thing," and why not "come late *of* an intent?" *Steevens.*

[6] ——*put to death a citizen,*] This person was *one Walker,* a substantial citizen, and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside. *Grey.*

[7] ——*his* raging *eye,* —— listed —] The former is the reading of the folio, the latter of the quarto. The quarto has—*lustful* eye, and the folio—*lusted* instead of *listed.* Modern editors without authority—ranging eye. *Steevens.*

[8] *Tell them,* &c.] Whatever reason W. Wyrcester might have for being so very particular, he expressly tells us that Edward was *conceived in the chamber next to the chapel of the palace of Hatfield.* York was regent of France at that time, and had come over, it would seem, to visit his lady. *Ritson.*

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I'ound, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;[9]
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCK.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,[1]—
Go thou [*to* CATES.] to friar Penker;[2]—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOV. *and* CATES.

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence[3] out of sight;

[9] —— *to* Baynard's castle;] It was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe's account) came in with the conqueror.

This edifice which stood in Thames Street, has long been pulled down, though parts of its strong foundations are still visible at low water. The site of it is now a timber-yard. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *to doctor Shaw,* —] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers:—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topicks of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed Doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great Earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Doctor Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI ought to be restored, and that Edward IV was an usurper. *Malone.*

[2] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See *Speed.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the brats of Clarence* —] Edward Earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sherif-hutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him,

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And to give notice, that no manner of person[4]
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.[5]

and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the last Princess of the house of Lancaster; who was created by King Henry VIII, Countess of Salisbury, and in the 31st year of his reign, (1540) at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII.

The immediate cause of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand King of Spain was unwilling to consent to the marriage of his daughter Katharine to Arthur Prince of Wales, while the Earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no assurance of the Prince's succession to the crown.

The murder of the Earl of Warwick (for it deserves no other name) made such an impression on Katharine, that when she was first informed of Henry the Eighth's intention to repudiate her, she exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a just judgment of God, for my former marriage was made in blood."

Malone.

[4] —— *no manner* of *person* —] The folio reads—no manner person, which is nonsense. I suppose the true reading is—no *man, or* person; as in the latter term females are included. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *read o'er in Paul's.*] The substance of this speech is from Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 16: "Nowe was thys proclamation made within twoo houres after he was beheaded, and it was so curiously endyted, and so fayre writen in parchement, in a fayre sette hande, and therewith of itselfe so long a processe, that every chyld might perceyve that it was prepared and studyed before, (and as some men thought, by Catesby,) for all the tyme betwene his death and the proclamation—coulde scant have suffyced unto the bare writyng alone, albeit that it had bene in paper and scribeled furthe in haste at adventure —And a marchaunte that stoode by—sayed that it was wrytten by inspiracyon and prophesye."

Mr. Malone adds—"So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More;" and then repeats the same quotation. *Steevens.*

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And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent[6] was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.[7]

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's *Castle.*[8]

Enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,[9]

[6] *The precedent*—] The original draft from which the engrossment was made. *Malone.*

[7] ——*seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. *Johnson.*

[8] *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames Street, which had belonged to Richard Duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. *Malone.*

[9] ——*with his contract with lady Lucy,*] The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alledged a pre-contract between them: "Whereupon, says the historian, dame Elizabeth, Lucye was sente for, and albeit she was by the kyng hys mother, and many other, put in good comfort to affirme that she was assured to the kynge, yet when she was solempnly sworne to saye ye truth, she confessed she was never ensured. Howbeit, she sayd his grace spake suche loving wordes to her, that she verily hoped that he would have maried her; and that yf such kinde woordes had not bene, she woulde never have showed such kindnesse to him to lette hym so kyndely gette her with chylde." *Hall*, Edward V, fol. 19.

Ritson.

This objection to King Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, is said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the Duchess

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And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;[1]
dis- And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,

Dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with Lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the Bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this Lady was Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. *Malone.*

1 —— *his own bastardy,—*

As being got, your father then in France;] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the Earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the Duke of Glocester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topick to the people; that he should "start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." The same ingenious writer has also shown, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768.

Malone.

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I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathless stones,[2]
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear:[3]
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

[2] *But, like dumb* statuas, *or* breathless *stones,*] See Mr. Reed's very decisive account of the word—*statua,* in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Vol. II, p. 226, n. 5.

The eldest quartos, 1597 and 1598, together with the first folio, read—*breathing.* The modern editors, with Mr. Rowe,—*unbreathing Breathless* is the reading of the quarto 1612. *Steevens.*

[3] —— intend *some fear:*] Perhaps, *pretend;* though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. *Johnson.*

One of the ancient senses of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend.* So, in sc. v, of this Act:

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." *Steevens.*

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Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee[4] for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit* GLO.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.
Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.
Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,[5]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[6] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
Sore But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

[4] *As I can say* nay *to thee* —] I think it must be read:
—— *if you plead as well for them*
As I must say, nay *to* them *for myself.* *Johnson.*
Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (says Richard) *you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* *Steevens.*

[5] —— *day-bed,*] i. e. a couch, or sofa *Steevens.*

[6] —— *to engross* —] To fatten; to pamper. *Johnson.*

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Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit* CATES.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a Gallery, above, between Two* Bishops.[8] CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.[9]—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;

[7] —— *God defend, his grace should say us nay!*] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. *Malone.*

[8] —— *between Two Bishops.*] "At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a bishop on every hande of hym, where thei beneth might see hym and speake to hym, as though he woulde not yet come nere theim til he wist what they meant," &c. Hall's *Chronicle.* *Farmer.*

So also, Holinshed after him. The words "*with a bishop on every hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75.) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III*, folio, 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. *Malone.*

[9] —— *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man *by.* See note on *Coriolanus*, Act III, sc. ii, where several instances of a imilar phraseology are given. *Malone.*

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And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;[1]
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,[2]
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness[3] and deep oblivion.

[1] —— her *proper limbs;*] Thus the quarto 1598. The folio has —*his* limbs; an error which I should not mention, but that it justifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became necessary. *Malone.*

[2] *Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,*] Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr Shaw preached his remarkable Sermon at Saint Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root" *Malone.*

[3] *And almost* shoulder'd in *the swallowing gulf*
Of dark forgetfulness —] What it is to be *shoulder'd in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known; for the rest let it pass without observation He reads:
Almost shoulder'd into th' *swallowing gulph.*
I believe we should read:

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Which to recure,[4] we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,[5]—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,

And almost smoulder'd *in the swallowing gulph.*
That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost. *Johnson.*

I suppose the old reading to be the true one. So, in *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, canto i:

"Stoutly t' affront and *shoulder* in debate."

In is used for *into*. So before in this play:

"But first I 'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

Again, *ibid:*

"Falsely to draw me *in* these vile suspects."

Shoulder'd has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*.

So, in a curious ancient paper quoted by Mr. Lysons in his *Environs of London*, Vol. III, p. 80, n. 1: "—lyke tyraunts and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche," &c. Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the second *Iliad*, 1581:

"He preaseth him, him he again, *shouldring* ech one his feere." *Steevens.*

[4] *Which to* recure,] To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. *Steevens.*

[5] If, *not to answer*,] If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below: "*If*, to reprove," &c. The editor of the second folio reads—*For* not to answer; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. *Malone.*

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So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;[6]
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you,[7] if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,[8]
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:

[6] *As the* ripe *revenue and due* of *birth;*] So the folio. The quarto 1598 thus:

"As my *right*, revenue, and due *by* birth."

A preceding line seems rather to favour the original reading:

"Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own."

The first quarto, [1597] I find, reads:

"As my *ripe* revenew, and due by birth." *Malone.*

[7] *And much I need to help you,*] And I *want much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *are* nice *and trivial,*] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." *Malone.*

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For first he was contrâct to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.[9]
These both put by, a poor petitioner,[1]
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:[2]
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,[3]
I gave a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

9 *To Bona, sister to the king of France.*] See *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act III, sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the Duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI, King of France. *Malone.*

1 —— *a poor petitioner,*] See Vol. X, *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act III, p. 356 *Malone.*

2 —— *loath'd* bigamy:] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. *Blackstone.*

—— *loath'd* bigamy:] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed: "—the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to restraine you from her marriage, sith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majestie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach priesthood in cleanness, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first marriage." *Malone.*

3 *More bitterly could I expostulate,*
Save that, for reverence to some alive,] The Duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive," is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. *Malone.*

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From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,[4]
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
[*Exeunt* BUCK. *and* Citizens.
Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,[5]
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATES.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—
Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the Rest.*
Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,

[4] —— *effeminate* remorse,] i. e. pity. See our author, *passim*. Thus also, in *The Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1600:
"Be all his days, like winter, comfortless;
"Restless his nights, his wants *remoreeless*."
i. e. *unpitied*. *Steevens*.

[5] —— *I am not made of* stone,] The quarto and folio have—*stones*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. *Malone*.

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Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends.[6]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Duchess of* York, *and Marquis of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, *Duchess of* Gloster,[7] *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's *young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?[8]

[6] *Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends.*] To this Act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the Acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *Anne, Duchess of Gloster,*] We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472. *Malone.*

[8] *Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet*
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?] Here is a manifest intimation, that the Duchess of Gloster leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess it

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Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we 'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;[9]
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAK.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[*To the Duchess of* Gloster.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

must be Clarence's young daughter. The old Duchess of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. *Theobald.*

See note on *Othello*, Act I, sc. i. *Steevens.*

9 —— *I may not leave it so;*] That is, *I may not so resign my office*, which you offer to take on you at your peril. *Johnson.*

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Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall to Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife,[1] nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous![2]

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain![3]
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

[1] *Nor mother, wife,* &c.] See p. 39. *Steevens.*

[2] *A* cockatrice ——,
Whose unavoided eye *is murderous!*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"—— the death-darting *eye* of *cockatrice*"
The *cockatrice* is a serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg. *Steevens.*

[3] *Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!*] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head. See *Respublica et Status Hungariæ, ex Offic. Elziv.* 1634, p. 136. In the tragedy of *Hoffman*, 1631, this punishment is also introduced:
"Fix on thy master's head my *burning crown.*"

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And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Again:

"And wear his *crown made hot with flaming fire.*
"Bring forth the *burning crown* there."

Again, in *Looke about you*, a comedy, 1600:

"Ere on thy head I set a *burning crowne,*
"Of red hot yron, that shall *seare thy braines.*"

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. *Steevens.*

So Marlowe, in his *King Edward II:*

"——if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
"Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire." *Malone.*

Marlowe's allusion is to the fatal crown which Creusa received, as a nuptial gift, from Medea;

"Χρυσᾶς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πτύχας,
"Θαυμαστὸν ἵεὶ νᾶμα παμφάγου πυρός."

Euripidis *Medea*, v. 1195. *Steevens.*

John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated the army of Hungarian peasants, called Croisadoes, in 1514, caused their general, "called George, to be stript naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron." Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607. This is the fact to which Goldsmith alludes:

"*Luke's iron crown*, and Damien's bed of steel."

Though it was *George*, and not his brother *Luke*, who was so punished: but *George's* would not suit the poet's metre. The Earl of Atholl, who was executed on account of the murder of James I, King of Scots, was, previous to his death, "crowned with a hot iron." See Holinshed. *Ritson.*

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Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed[4]
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams[5] was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* DOR.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To Q.* ELIZ.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years[6] of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.[7]

Q. Eliz. Stay yet;[8] look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

[4] *For never yet one* hour *in his bed* —] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

[5] *But with his timorous dreams* —] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the narratives of Polydore Virgil, like those of Hector Boethius, are of slight authority. Such at least, respecting the former of these writers, was the opinion of Owen, our epigrammatist:

"Virgilii duo sunt; alter Maro; tu, *Polydore*,
"Alter; tu *mendax*, ille poeta fuit." *Steevens.*

[6] *Eighty odd years* &c.] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483 Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. *Malone.*

[7] *And each* hour's joy wreck'd with a week *of* teen.] *Teen* is sorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And yet to my *teen* be it spoken," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Stay yet;* &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. *Malone.*

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Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow[9]
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King upon his Throne;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[2]
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

9 *Rude ragged* nurse! *old sullen* play-fellow —] To call the Tower *nurse* and *play-fellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant. *Johnson.*

The last line of this speech—

So foolish sorrow bids your stones *farewel,*

proves that the whole of it is addressed to the Tower, and apologizes for the absurdity of that address, by attributing it to sorrow. *M. Mason.*

1 *So foolish sorrow bids* your stones *farewel.*] Hither the third Act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. *Johnson.*

The folio has—*sorrows.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

2 —— *now do I* play the touch,] To *play the touch* is *to represent the touchstone.*

So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"With alabaster, *tuch,* and porphyry adorn'd."

Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon,* by Drayton:

"Before mine eye, like *touch,* thy shape did prove."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* B. I, c iii:

"Though true as *touch,* though daughter of a king."

Steevens.

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Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCK.
Cates. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.[3]
[*Aside.*
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his Throne.*
And unrespective boys;[4] none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—
Page. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit[5] of death?

[3] —— *see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. *Steevens.*

[4] *And* unrespective *boys;*] *Unrespective* is inattentive to consequences, inconsiderate.
So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:
"When dissolute impiety possess'd
"The *unrespective* minds of prince and people." *Steevens.*
Unrespective is, devoid of cautious and prudential consideration. *Malone.*
See note on the following passage in the *Rape of Lucrece*, edit. 1790, p. 102:
"*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *close exploit* —] Is secret act. *Johnson.*

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Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty[6] Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what 's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,[7]
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.[8]
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish,[9] and I fear not him.—

6 ——*witty*—] In this place signifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify *a man of fancy*, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:
"Although unwise to live, had *wit* to die."
Again, in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques*:
"And at her feet do *witty* serpents move." *Steevens.*

7 Know, *my* loving *lord*,] Surely, we should adopt Sir Thomas Hanmer's regulation, and give the passage thus:
How now, lord Stanley? what 's the news?
My lord, &c.
Are the omitted words—*know* and *loving*, of so much value, that measure must continue to be sacrificed for their preservation? *Steevens.*

8 *I will* take order *for her keeping close.*] i. e. I will take measures that shall oblige her to keep close. So, in Marlowe and Nashe's *Dido*, 1594, Jupiter says:
"I will *take order* for that presently."
The same phrase occurs in *Othello*, Act V, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

9 *The boy is foolish*,] Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was, at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry

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Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,[1]
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATES.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.[2]
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—
Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.
Is thy name—Tyrrel?[3]

VII, immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being consequently entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinshed) was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare's representation: "Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra hominum ferarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internosceret, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium quærere posset, alieno ad id tractus est." *Malone.*

[1] —— *it stands me much upon,*] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence to my designs. The same phrase occurs in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Consider how it *stands upon* my credit."

See also *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act II, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *But I am in*
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.] The same reflections occur in *Macbeth:*

"—— I am in blood
"Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
"Returning were as tedious," &c.

Again:

"Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill."
Steevens.

[3] *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in "marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions,") throughout this scene, has left King Richard *on his throne;* whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax,* 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much less dignity.* "The best part (says Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and in-

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Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject,
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:[4]
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

corrupt magistrate Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with *Teril* to have his nephews privily murdred; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught;* a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise Holinshed, Vol. II, p. 735. *Steevens.*

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occasion, there are, it appears, many ancient and *dignified* precedents. "Maximilian the emperor," says old Montaigne, "with other customes of his had this one, most contrary to *other princes,* (*who, to dispatch their weightiest affaires, make often their* c—e s—l *their regal throne or council-chamber,*) which was," &c. Florio's Translation, 1603. *Malone.*

4 —— *deal upon:*] So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden,* &c. by Nashe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he's billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intentively." See also my note on *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III, sc. ix. *Steevens.*

—— deal *upon:*] i. e. act upon. We should now say—deal *with;* but the other was the phraseology of our author's time. *Malone.*

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Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford,[5] and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophecy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps[6] ——

[5] *The earldom of Hereford,* &c.] Thomas Duke of Gloster, the fifth son of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford. The Duke of Gloster's nephew, Henry Earl of Derby, (the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third) who was afterwards King Henry IV, married the other daughter of the Earl of Hereford. The moiety of the Hereford estate, which had been possessed by that King, was seized on by Edward IV, as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the house of Lancaster to that of York. Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas Duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund Earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III, after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage,* Vol. I, p. 168, 169. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

Thomas Duke of Gloster was created Earl of Hereford in 1386, by King Richard II, on which ground the Duke of Buckingham had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the *title;* but with respect to the moiety of the estate, he had not a shadow of right to it; for supposing that it devolved to Edward IV, with the crown, it became, after the murder of his sons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV, it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. *Malone.*

[6] *A king! perhaps —*] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions; but I like them well enough to replace them. *Pope.*

The allusions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. *Johnson.*

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Buck. My lord,——
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by,[7] that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont:[8] at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,——
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what is 't o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.[9]
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,[1] thou keep'st the stroke

These allusions, I trust, have been sufficiently accounted for in the *Dissertation* annexed to the preceding play. *Malone.*

[7] —— *I being by,*] The Duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See Vol X, p. 393. Our author seldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. *Malone.*

[8] —— *Rouge-mont:*] Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter mentions this as a "very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, the Red Hill, taking that name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." It was first built, he adds, *as some think*, by Julius Cæsar, or rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him. *Reed.*

[9] *Well, let it strike*] This seems to have been a proverbial sentence. So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to. 1593: "*Let the clock strike:* I have lost more howers, and lose nothing if I find equity." *Malone.*

[1] *Because that, like a Jack,* &c.] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house.* See Cowley's *Discourse on the government of Oliver Cromwell.* [Vol. II, p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditation. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

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Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K.* Rich. *and Train.*

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock,[2] while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:—"their tongues are, like *a Jack o' the clock*, still in labour."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Is this your *Jack o' the clock*-house?
"Will you *strike*, sir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Deckar, called the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as eve the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer."

Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet. In *The Gentleman Usher*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606, they are alluding to a roasting *Jack*, and a man says:

"—— as in that quaint engine you have seen
"*A little man in shreds* stand at the winder,
"And seem to put all things in act about him,
"Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,
"Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does."

In *Lantern and Candle-light*, or *The Bellman's Second Night-walk*, &c. by Deckar, is a passage "of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a somewhat different explanation of the word—*strike:* "There is another fraternitie of wandring pilgrims, who merrily call themselves *Jackes of the clock-house.* The *jacke of a clock-house* goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but *strike:* so does this noise (for they walke up and down like fidlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *striking.*" *Steevens.*

A Jack with such a figure as Chapman hath described, was for many years exhibited, as a sign, at the door of a White-Smith's shop in the narrowest part of the Strand. *Henley.*

These automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-house, because *Jack* in our author's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices. *Malone.*

[2] *To Brecknock,*] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Duke of Buckingham's estate lay. *Malone.*

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SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs, *blooded*
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;[3]
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind;*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

[3] *O thus, quoth* Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,*——
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms: ——
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murther of Edward V*, &c. in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

"When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,
"And to the lord their hearty prayers had said,
"Sweet slumbring sleep then closing up their eyes,
"Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this and many other of our ancient ballads. *Steevens.*

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Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;[4]
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;[5]
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond[6] aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

4 *The son of Clarence have* I pen'd up close;] In Sheriff Hutton Castle, Yorkshire; where he remained 'till the coming of Henry VII, who immediately after the battle of Bosworth sent him to the Tower, and some few years after, most treacherously and barbarously put him to death; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant, that he could not, according to Hall, discern a goose from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet. *Ritson.*

5 *His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;*] To Sir Richard Pole, Knt. This lady, at seventy years of age, without any legal process, and for no crime but her relation to the crown, was beheaded in the Tower by that sanguinary tyrant Henry VIII. Her son, Lord Montague, had been put to death a few years before, in the same manner, and for the same crime; and the famous Cardinal Pole, another of her children, only escaped the fate of his mother and brother, by keeping out of the butcher's reach. *Ritson.*

6 —— *the* Bretagne *Richmond* —] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II, Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of King Edward IV, he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody. See note on sc. iv. *Malone.*

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Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord,——

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor[7] to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition[8] be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,[9]
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[1] am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

[7] —— *fearful commenting*
Is leaden servitor —] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *fiery expedition* —] So, in *Hamlet:*
"—— must send thee hence
"With *fiery quickness.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *begins to mellow,* &c.] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602:
"—— now is his fate *grown mellow,*
"Instant to fall into the *rotten jaws*
"Of chap-fall'n *death.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *dire* induction —] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. *Johnson.*

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Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah! my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right[2]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep,[3] when such a deed was done?

[2] —— *say, that* right *for* right —] This is one of those conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice.* So, in this play:

" ——— That forehead
" Where should be branded, if that *right were right*, —."
Johnson.

In the third scene of the first Act, Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked act: "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say, The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn. *Malone.*

[3] *When didst thou sleep*, &c.] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. *Malone.*

I have admitted this reading, though I am not quite certain of its authenticity. The reply of Margaret might have been designed as an interrogatory echo to the last words of the Queen. *Steevens.*

This appears to be the true reading, as Margaret's next speech is an answer to that question that was not addressed to her. *M. Mason.*

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Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,[4]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.[5]
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband,[6] till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

[4] —— *seniory,*] For *seniority. Johnson.*
So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 149:
"— the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
"And bids Lucretius *give his sorrows place.*" *Malone.*

[6] *I had a husband,*] The quarto has—a *Richard,* which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting—*a husband.* I believe Shakspeare wrote—*I* had a *Henry.* In a subsequent speech in this scene, p. 154, l. 16: "*my* brother" being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of "*thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *husband. Malone.*

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That reigns[7] in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal[8] cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[9] with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[1] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Hastings,[2] Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

[7] *That reigns* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. *Steevens.*

These two lines are found only in the folio, and are there transposed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[8] —— *carnal* —] This word, in the present instance, may signify *carnivorous*, though in *Hamlet* it is used for *slaughterous*:

"Of *carnal*, bloody, and unnatural acts." *Steevens.*

[9] *And makes her* pew-fellow —] *Pew-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box.* *Johnson.*

Pew fellow is a word yet in use. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

I find this compound word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least."

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, by the same authors, 1606:

"—— being both my scholars, and your honest *pue-fellows*."

I remember to have seen in ancient Flemish prints representing Schools, certain inclosures holding different classes of boys, who, probably, from this circumstance, were styled *pew-fellows*.

In our places of worship perhaps *pews* in general are modern conveniences, compared with the age of the buildings that contain them. Our hardy ancestors chiefly sat on open benches, such are still remaining in the Pit at Great Saint Mary's, Cambridge. *Steevens.*

[1] *Young York he is but* boot,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. *Johnson.*

[2] *The* adulterate *Hastings*,] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

The adulterer *Hastings*, ——. *Warburton.*

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Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,[3]
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophecy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,[4]
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;[5]
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

Adulterate is right. We say *metals* are *adulterate;* and *adulterate* sometimes means the same as *adulterer*. In either sense, on this occasion, the epithet will suit. Hastings was *adulterate*, as Margaret has tried his friendship and found it faithless; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:

"——that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast." *Steevens.*

[3] *Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,*] This imperfect line is not injudiciously completed by some former editor:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; *saints pray,*
To have &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *The flattering* index *of a direful* pageant,] *Pageants* are dumb shows, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on publick occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *a garish flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. *Steevens.*

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A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?[6]
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this,[7] and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,[8]
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast[9] the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;

[6] *Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?*] Mr. Rowe has transferred this question to Alicia in *Jane Shore*:

"—— where is the king ——
"And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,
"That bent the knee before thee?" *Steevens.*

[7] Decline *all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:* "I'll *decline* the whole question." This phrase the poet borrowed from his grammar. *Malone.*

[8] —— wheel'd *about*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. *Steevens.*

[9] *Forbear to sleep — and* fast —] *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear;* the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and fast during the day. The quarto reads—to sleep the *nights,* and fast the *days.* *Malone.*

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Think that thy babes were fairer[1] than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;[2]
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Q. Mar.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,[3]
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,[4]
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.[5]

[1] —— *were* fairer —] So, the quarto. The folio reads—*sweeter*. *Malone.*

[2] *Bettering thy loss* makes *the bad-causer worse;*] We must either read this line thus:—

Bettering thy loss, make *the bad-causer worse,*

which I believe to be the true reading, or include it in a parenthesis. *M. Mason.*

[3] Duch. *Why should calamity be full of words?*

Q. Eliz. *Windy* attorneys *to their* client woes,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"So of concealed sorrow may be said:
"Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
"But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
"The *client* breaks as desperate of his suit."

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. *Malone.*

[4] *Airy succeeders of* intestate *joys,*] As I cannot understand the reading of the folio—*intestine,* I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:

Airy succeeders of intestate *joys:*

i. e. words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeathed to them, to whom they should properly descend. *Theobald.*

The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery. *Malone.*

[5] —— *though what they do impart*
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.] So, in *Macbeth:*

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
"Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

The quarto reads—Help *not at all,* —. *Malone.*

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Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,[6]
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[7]

[6] —— *that* ow'd *that crown,*] i. e. that possessed it. So, in *King John:*

"Which *owe* the crown that thou o'ermasterest." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *a* touch *of your* condition,] A *spice* or *particle* of your *temper* or *disposition.* *Johnson.*

So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th *Iliad:*

"—— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
"Of anger," &c.

Again, in the thirteenth *Iliad:*

"—— if any *touch* appear
"Of glory in thee:—" *Steevens.*

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That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I 'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell. A grievous burden was thy birth to me; Tetchy[8] and wayward was thy infancy; Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous; Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred: What comfortable hour canst thou name, That ever grac'd me[9] in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,[1] that call'd your grace

[8] *Tetchy*—] Is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill-temper'd. *Ritson.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"To see it *tetchy*, and fall out with the dug—." *Steevens.*

[9] *That ever* grac'd *me*—] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. *Johnson.*

We find the same expression in *Macbeth:*

"Please it your highness

"To *grace* us with your royal company." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Humphrey Hour,*] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Duchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast.

So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, *Houre*, is at hand"

Shakspeare might indeed by this strange phrase (*Humphrey Hour*) have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of *Duke Humphrey*.

The common cant phrase of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, I have never yet heard satisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a satyrical pamphlet called *The Guls Hornbook*, 1609, written by T. Deckar, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of aisles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk;* in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. Deckar

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To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

concludes his fourth chapter thus: "By this, I imagine you have walked your bellyful, and thereupon being weary, or (which is rather, I beleeve) being most gentleman-like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the *duke*, so (because he followes the fashion of great men in *keeping no house*, and that therefore you must go *seeke your dinner*,) suffer me to take you by the hand and leade you into an ordinary." The title of this chapter is, "How a gallant should behave himself in *Powles Walkes*."

Hall, in the 7th *Satire*, B. III, seems to confirm this interpretation:

"'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?
"In sooth I saw him sit with *duke Humfray:*
"Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,
"Keeps he for everie stragling cavaliere;
"An open house haunted with greate resort,
"*Long service* mixt with *musicall disport*," &c.

Hall's *Satires*, edit. 1602, p. 60.

See likewise *Foure Letters* and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592:

"—to seeke his dinner in Poules with *duke Humphrey:* to licke dishes, to be a beggar."

Again, in *The Return of the Knight of the Post*, &c. by Nash, 1606: "—in the end comming into Poules, to behold the old *duke and his guests*," &c.

Again, in *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Prognostication, for this year*, &c. 1591, by Nash: "— sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe *duke Humfrye* company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

If it be objected that *duke Humphrey* was buried at St. Albans, let it likewise be remembered that cenotaphs were not uncommon. *Steevens*.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, 1598, that *Sir John Bewcampe*, son to Guy, and brother to Thomas, Earls of Warwick, who dyed in 1358, had "a faire monument" on the south side of the body of St. Paul's Church. "He," says Stowe, "is by ignorant people misnamed to be *Humphrey Duke of Gloster*, who lyeth honourably buried at Saint Albans, twentie miles from London: And therefore such as merily professe themselues to serue Duke Humphrey in Powles, are to bee punished here, and sent to Saint Albans, there to be punished againe, for theyr absence from theyr maister, as they call him." *Ritson*.

Humphrey Hour,] I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hewes*) the person addressed. *Malone*.

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Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life,[2] and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam,[3] I must speak a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;

[2] *Shame serves thy life,*] To *serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters. *Johnson.*

[3] *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism, part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. *Johnson.*

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson's opinion I see nothing ridiculous in any part of this dialogue; and with respect to probability, it was not unnatural that Richard, who by his art and wheedling tongue, had prevailed on Lady Anne to marry him in her heart's extremest grief, should hope to persuade an ambitious, and, as he thought her, a wicked woman, to consent to his marriage with her daughter, which would make her a queen, and aggrandize her family. *M. Mason.*

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Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.[4]
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say—she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births[5] good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided[6] is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:[7]
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,[8]
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use[9] of grief makes wild grief tame,

[4] —— *she is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—she is *a royal princess*. *Steevens.*

[5] *Lo, at their births* —] Perhaps we should read—*No*, at their births —. *Tyrwhitt.*

[6] *All* unavoided &c.] i. e. unavoidable. So, before:
"Whose *unavoided* eye is dangerous." *Malone.*

[7] *Thy head, all* indirectly, *gave* direction:] This is a jingle in which Shakspeare perhaps found more delight than his readers. So, in *Hamlet:*
"By *indirections* find *directions* out."
The same opposition of words occurs also in *K. John*. *Steevens.*

[8] *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,*] This conceit seems also to have been a great favourite of our author. We meet with it more than once. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
"Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
"To stab," &c.
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
"Thou mak'st thy knife keen ——." *Steevens.*

[9] —— still *use* —] i. e. constant use. So, in *King Richard II:*
"A generation of *still* breeding thoughts." *Steevens.*

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My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[1] of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise[2] to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,[3]
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

[1] *The high imperial* type —] *Type* is exhibition, show, display. *Johnson.*

I think it means *emblem*, one of its usual significations.—By the imperial *type* of *glory*, Richard means a *crown*. *M. Mason.*

The canopy placed over a pulpit is still called by architects a *type*. It is, I apprehend, in a similar sense that the word is here used. *Henley.*

Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeness of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or shadowe of any thing." The word is used in *King Henry VI*, P. III, as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples." *Malone.*

[2] *Canst thou* demise —] To *demise* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. *Steevens.*

The constant language of leases is, "—*demised*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is used by no poet but Shakspeare. For *demise*, the reading of the quarto, and first folio, the editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *devise*. *Malone.*

[3] *So in the* Lethe *of thy angry soul*
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,] So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"*May this be* wash'd *in* Lethe *and forgotten?*" *Steevens.*

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Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it, madam?[4]
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.[5]
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret[6]
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,

[4] Even so: *What think you of it, madam?*] Thus the folio, except that it reads—*how* instead of *what*. The quarto, without attention to the broken verse preceding:

I, even I: *what think you of it, madam?*

"I am not (says Mr. Malone) sure whether it should not be printed, *Ay*, even I." *Steevens.*

[5] Madam, *with all my heart.*] I suppose the word—*Madam*, may be safely omitted, as it violates the measure. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *as sometime Margaret* —] Here is another reference to the plays of *Henry VI.* *Johnson.*

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And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did[7] all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee,[8]
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.[9]

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;[1]

[7] *Say, that I did* &c.] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years*, in p. 152, are found only in the folio. *Malone.*

[8] *Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but* have *thee,*] [Old copy —*hate.*] The sense seems to require that we should read:

——— *but* love *thee,*

ironically. *Tyrwhitt.*

As this is evidently spoken ironically, I agree with Tyrwhitt, that the present reading is corrupt, but should rather amend it by reading "*have* you," than "*love* you;" as the word *have* is more likely to have been mistaken for *hate*, the traces of the letters being nearly the same. *M. Mason.*

As this conjecture is, in my opinion, at once fortunate and judicious, I have placed it in the text. A somewhat corresponding error had happened in *Coriolanus*, last speech of scene iv, Act IV, where *have* was apparently given instead of—*hate*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *bloody spoil.*] *Spoil* is waste, havock. *Johnson.*

[1] *Even of your* mettle, *of your very blood;*] The folio has—*met-*

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Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her,[2] for whom you bid like sorrow.[3]
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.[4]

tal. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other passages. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose
" Nothing but males."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" —— that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— Common mother, thou,
" Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
" Teems and feeds all, whose self-same *mettle*
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engend'ers the black toad," &c. *Malone.*

[2] *Endur'd* of *her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakspeare's age was frequently used for *by*. *Malone.*

[3] —— bid *like sorrow.*] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide*. *Johnson.*

[4] *Advantaging their* loan, *with interest*
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.] [The folio—*love.*] My easy emendation will convince every reader that *love* and *lone* are made out of one another only by a letter turned upside down.

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Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,[5]
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.[6]

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?[7]

The tears that you have lent *to your afflictions, shall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of* interest, &c. *Theobald.*

How often the letters *u* and *n* are confounded in these copies, has been shown in various places. See Vol. III, p 40, n. 5; and note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. iii, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

[5] *To whom I will* retail *my conquest won,*] To *retail* (as Mr. M. Mason has observed in a note on Act III, sc. i, p. 81, n. 6,) is to hand down from one to another. Richard, in the present instance, means to say he will *transmit* the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See *Leviticus*, xviii, 14. *Grey.*

[7] *But how long shall that title, ever, last?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Universal Passion:*

"But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,
"What day next week th' eternity shall end?" *Steevens.*

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K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.[8]
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.[9]
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Two* deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not[1] on that string, madam; that is past.

[8] ——*am her subject* low.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:
——*her subject* love. *Steevens.*

[9] *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads:
"Then plainly to her tell my loving tale." *Malone.*

[1] *Harp not* &c.] In the regulation of these short speeches I have followed the quarto, 1597. *Steevens.*

K. Rich. *Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.*
Q. Eliz. *Harp on it still shall I,* &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the first of these two lines is wanting. The passage stands thus:
"*Qu.* O, no, my reasons, &c.
"Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
"*King.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
"Now by my george," &c.
The printer of the next quarto saw that the line—"Harp on it still shall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the Queen's former speech, but did not insert the omitted line.
The editor of the folio supplied the line that was wanting, but absurdly misplaced it, and exhibited the passage thus:
"*Qu.* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
"Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
"Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
"*King.* Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.
"Now by my george," &c.
The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. *Malone.*

* I have restored the true reading, "*Two* deep and dead," &c. instead of "*Too* deep and dead," &c. The eye of the compositor must have been led astray, by the frequent repetition of the word *too*, and the ear of the proof-reader could not detect the error. Mr. Ayscough's edition, which deservedly ranks with the most correct, countenances the reading which I have taken the liberty to adopt. *Am. Ed.*

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Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown, —
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear.
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter,[2] blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world, —
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death, —
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself, —
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God, —
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,[3]
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.[4]

[2] Thy *george, profan'd, hath lost his* holy *honour;*
Thy *garter*, &c.] The quarto reads—*The* george, &c. The folio—*Thy* george; &c. and, afterwards,—*lordly* instead of—*holy*. *Steevens.*

[3] God's *wrong is most of all.*
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him, *&c.*] I have followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding speech, Why then, by *God* —. The editors of the folio, from the apprehension of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I, c. 21, printed "Why then by *heaven*,"—and the whole they absurdly exhibited thus:

"*Rich.* Why then, by *heaven*.
"*Qu. Heaven's* wrong is most of all.
"If thou *didst fear* to break an oath *with him*,
"The unity," &c.
"If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath *by him*,
"The imperial metal," &c.

By their alteration in the first line of the Queen's speech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding speech, not having that consequence, I have adopted it. *Malone.*

[4] —— *the king thy* brother *made,*
Had not been *broken, nor my brother* slain.] The quarto, by

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If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,[5]
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.[6]
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.[7]

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:[8]
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere used, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[9]
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours![1]
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

an error of the press, has—*my* brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, my husband, *made*,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers *died.* *Malone.*

[5] *Which now*, two *tender bed-fellows* &c.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now too *tender* &c. *Steevens.*

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender *play*-fellows. *Malone.*

[6] —— a *prey for worms.*] So the quarto. Folio—*the* prey *Malone.*

[7] By *the time to come.*] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio. *Malone.*

[8] —— *to wail it* in *their age:*] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto, 1602, &c. and the folio, read— *with* their age. *Malone.*

[9] —— *in my dangerous* attempt —] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous *affairs.* *Malone.*

[1] *Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!*] This line is found only in the folio. *Malone.*

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In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times, of stake and
fond And be not peevish[2] found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery they shall breed[3]
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,[4]
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewel.
[*Kissing her. Exit Q.* Eliz.

2 *And be not* peevish *found*—] Thus the folio—*Peevish* in our author's time signified *foolish*. So, in the second scene of this Act:
"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy, —."
See also Minsheu's Dict. in v. The quarto reads—peevish *fond*, and I am not sure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended, *peevish-fond*. So *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate, foolish-witty*, &c *Malone*.
I believe the present reading is the true one. So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—— have great care
"I *be not found* a talker." *Steevens*.

3 —— *in that nest of spicery, they* shall *breed*—] Alluding to the phœnix. *Steevens*.
So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. *Malone*.

4 —— *shortly,*] This adverb, in the present instance, is employed as a trisyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, Vol. II, p. 160. *Steevens*.

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Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman![5]
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following*.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke[6] of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither:[7] Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* CATES.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

[5] *Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!*] Such was the real character of this Queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorset, her son, from the Earl of Richmond. *Steevens.*

[6] *Some light-foot friend post to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. *Johnson.*

[7] *Ratcliff, come hither:*] The folio has—*Catesby*, come hither. The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addressed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate,[8] what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York[9] is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

[8] White-liver'd *runagate,*] This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse,* 1579, speaking of the Helots, says:

"Leave those precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."

Steevens.

[9] *What heir of York* —] i. e. What son of Richard Duke of York? *Ritson.*

Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward Earl of Warwick, the only son of the Usurper's elder brother, George Duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV, and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them. *Malone.*

The issue of King Edward had been pronounced *illegitimate,* the Duke of Clarence *attainted of high treason,*—and the usurper declared "the *undoubted heir of Richard duke of York,*"—by *act of parliament:* so that, as far as such a proceeding can alter the constitution, and legalize usurpation and murder, he is perfectly correct and unanswerable. *Ritson.*

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You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege;[1] therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.[2]
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STAN.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[3]

[1] *No,* **mighty liege;**] So, the quarto. Folio—No, *my good lord.* *Malone.*

[2] *I will not trust* **you,** *sir.*] So, the quarto. Folio—But I 'll not trust *thee.* *Malone.*

[3] —— *more competitors* —] That is, more opponents. *Johnson.* *Competitors* do not here mean *opponents,* but *associates.* See a note on this subject in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* where Sir Proteus, speaking of Valentine, says:

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Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have[4] to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.[5]

"Myself in council his *competitor*."
That is, his *associate*. *M. Mason.*
See Vol. II, p. 183, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[4] *The news I have* &c.] So, the folio. The quarto reads:
"Your grace mistakes; the news I bring is good;
"My news is," &c. *Malone.*

[5] —— *and made his course again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor Earl of Richmond, the eldest son of Edmund of Hadham Earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the first Duke of Somerset, who was grandson to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, was carried by his uncle Jasper Earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewksbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable custody by the Duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his escape and fled for protection to the French court. Being considered at that

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K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,[6]
Is colder news, but yet they must be told,[7]

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,[8]
A royal battle might be won and lost:[9]—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

time as nearest in blood to King Henry VI, all the Lancastrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV, who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *usurped* the throne, they with more confidence supported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry Duke of Buckingham was in some respects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was descended by his mother from Edmund the second Duke of Somerset, the younger brother of Duke John; by his father from Thomas Duke of Gloster, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the Earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancastrian blood whatsoever: nor was his maternal title of the purest kind, for John the first Earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt. *Malone.*

[6] —— *landed at Milford,*] The Earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. *Malone.*

[7] —— they *must be told.*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act I, sc. i, Vol. XIII.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it* must be told. *Malone.*

[8] —— *while we reason here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here. See Vol. IV, p. 356, n. 8. *Malone.*

[9] *A royal battle might be* won and lost:] So, in *Macbeth:*

"When the battle 's *lost and won.*"

This antithetical phrase is found in several of our ancient writers. *Steevens.*

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SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :[1]—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;

1 *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:*] The person, who is called Sir Christopher here, and who has been styled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the Chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the Countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. *Theobald.*

This Christopher Urswick was afterwards Almoner to King Henry VII, and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. On his tomb, still to be seen in that church, it is said "Ad exteros reges undecies pro patria Legatus; Decanatum Eboracensem, Archidia conatum Richmundie, Decanatum Windesoriæ, habitos vivens reliquit. Episcopatum Norwicensem oblatum recusavit."—Weaver, who has printed this inscription, concludes his eulogium thus: "here let him rest as an example for all our great prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate." *Reed.*

This circumstance is also recorded by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4th edit. p. 187: "But most part they are very shamefast; and that makes them with Pet. Blesensis, *Christopher Urswick*, and many such, to refuse honours, offices, and preferment."

Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes; and says, it was a title sold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holiness might be on the same footing with the king. *Steevens.*

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Welford says to Sir Roger, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your *art's master*."—"I am but a *bachelor of art*, sir," replies Sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how Sir Roger could possibly have *bought* his *title* of the pope's nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, besides his pigges *in posse*." *Farmer.*

See Vol III, p 9, n. 1. *Steevens.*

The title of *Sir* is still appropriated to Bachelors of Arts in the University of Dublin; and the word *Bachelor* evidently derived from the French *bas Chevalier*, that is, a lower kind of Knight. —This accounts for the title of *Sir* being given to Bachelors.

M. Mason.

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If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.[2]
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;[3]
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Gives Papers to Sir* CHRIS. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to Execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?[4]
Sher. No, my lord; therefore be patient.

2 —— *my present aid.*] Thus the quarto. After these words three lines are added in the folio, in substance the same as the first three lines of Stanley's concluding speech. Instead of the concluding speech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

"Well, hie to thy lord; I kiss his hand;
"My letter will resolve him of my mind,
"Farewell." *Malone.*

3 —— *valiant crew;*] This expression (which sounds but meanly in modern ears) has been transplanted by Dryden into his *Alexander's Feast:*

"Give the vengeance due
"To the *valiant crew.*" *Steevens.*

4 *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*] The reason why the Duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the King, is explained in *King Henry VIII,* Act I:

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Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.[5]
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.[6]
[*Exeunt* BUCK. *&c.*

"—— I would have play'd
"The part my father meant to act upon
"The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
"Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
"As he made semblance of his duty, would
"Have put his knife into him." *Steevens.*
See also Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III, fo. 16. *Reed.*

[5] *Is the determin'd* respite *of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respited.*
Wrongs in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *blame the due of blame.*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing Act, so the fourth Act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth Act will comprise the

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SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,[7] *Sir* JAMES BLUNT,[8] *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and Others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, *reckless*
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood[9] like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,[1]—this foul swine

business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into Acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *Oxford,*] John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth. *Malone.*

[8] —— *Sir James Blunt,*] He had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the Earl of Oxford in his escape. *Malone.*

[9] *That* spoil'd *your summer fields, and fruitful vines,*
Swills *your warm blood* &c.] This sudden change from the past time to the present, and *vice versâ*, is common in Shakspeare. So, in the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*: "The same night he treacherously *stealeth* into her chamber, violently *ravished* her," &c. *Malone.*

[1] —— *embowel'd bosoms,*] Exenterated; ripped up: alluding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, *drawn*, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered. *Johnson.*

Drawn, in the sentence pronounced upon traitors only, signifies to be *drawn by the heels or on a hurdle* from the prison to the place of execution. So, Dr. Johnson has properly expounded it

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Lies now[2] even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,[3]
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,[4]
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth *Field.*

Enter King RICHARD, *and Forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

in *Measure for Measure,* Act II. So, Holinshed, in the year 1569, and Stowe's *Chronicle,* edit. 1614, p. 162, 171, 418, 763, 766. Sometimes our historians use a colloquial inaccuracy of expression in writing, hanged, *drawn,* and quartered; but they often express it—*drawn,* hanged, and quartered; and sometimes they add—bowelled, or his bowels taken out, which would be tautology, if the same thing was implied in the word *drawn.* *Tollet.*

Drawn in the sense of *embowelled,* is never used but in speaking of a *fowl.* It is true, *embowelling* is also part of the sentence in high treason, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging.* *Blackstone.*

[2] Lies *now*—] i. e. sojourns. See Vol. IX, p. 105, n. 2.—For *lies,* the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not understanding the term, substituted—*Is.* See p. 167, n. 8. *Malone.*

[3] —— *conscience is a thousand swords,*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes.*" *Blackstone.*

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thousand *men.* *Malone.*

[4] —— *and flies with* swallow's wings,] Drayton calls joy:
"—— the *swallow-winged* joy." *Steevens.*

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Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;[5]
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:[6]
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:[7]—
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other Lords.*[8] *Some of the Soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

[5] *Up with my* tent: *Here will I lie to-night;*] Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise. *Malone.*

[7] —— *sound direction:*] True judgment; tried military skill. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *Oxford, and other Lords.*] The direction in the folio is—"Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorset.*" In the quarto only, "Enter Richmond, with the *lordes.*" This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakspeare; for Shakspeare had been informed by Holinshed that *Dorset* was not at the battle of Bosworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a sum of money from the French King, Charles the Eighth, and having left the Marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier as hostages for the payment. *Malone.*

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And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper[9] in my tent;—
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit[1] each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;[2]—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means[3] to speak with him,

9 *Give me some ink and paper* —] I have placed these lines as they stand in the first editions: the rest place them three speeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;* interrupting what there follows; *The Earl of Pembroke,* &c. I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night. *Pope.*

I have followed the folio, which, of this play, is by far the most correct copy. I do not find myself much influenced by Mr. Pope's remark. *Steevens.*

In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced immediately before the words—"Come, gentlemen, let us consult," &c. *Malone.*

1 *Limit*—] i. e. appoint. So, in *Macbeth:*

"I 'll make so bold to call,
"For 'tis my *limited* service." *Steevens.*

2 —— *keeps his regiment;*] i. e. remains with it. Thus we say of a person confined by illness—he *keeps* his chamber, or his bed. *Steevens.*

3 —— make *some good* means —] i. e. adopt some convenient measure. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"To *make* such *means* for her as thou hast done." *Steevens.*

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And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw[4] and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cates. It 's supper time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.[5]
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff, ——
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:[6]—
[*To* CATES.

[4] —— *the* air *is raw* —] So the quarto. Folio—the *dew*. *Malone.*

[5] *It 's* nine *o'clock.*] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is *six* of the clock; full supper time. *Malone.*
I think, we ought to read—*six* instead of *nine*. A supper at so late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Give me a* watch:] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch.

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Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.[7]—
Look that my staves be sound,[8] and not too heavy.
Ratcliff, ——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?[9]

light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel. *Johnson.*

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions watching lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" —— slept always with a *watching* candle."

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

" Beauty was turn'd into a *watching-candle* that went out stinking."

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

" Sit now immur'd within their private cells,
" And drink a long lank *watching* candle's smoke."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

" Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." *Steevens.*

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. *Johnson.*

The word *give* shows, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his *Dictionary*, 1679, *Watch-candle*. *Malone.*

[7] *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*] So, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, (copied from Hall's, Sig II, iiii, b.) " Then he (inuironed with his gard) with a frowning countenance and cruell visage, mounted on a great *white courser*, and followed with his footmen," &c p. 754. *Steevens.*

[8] *Look that my* staves *be sound,*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. *Johnson.*

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. Hall informs us, that at the justs in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of King Henry VIII, with the king of France, that " a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in sight x speres, that is to wyt, iii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii speres upwarde, and under his left arme was one spere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c. *Steevens.*

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Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time,[1] from troop to troop,

[9] —— *the* melancholy *lord Northumberland?*] Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," says Holinshed, "whether it was by the commandment of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsayle." *Malone.*

[1] *Much about* cock-shut *time,*] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yesternight,
"Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

Again, in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652:

"Come away then: a fine *cockshut* evening."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"In the twilight, *cockshut* light."

In *The Treatyse of Fyshinge with the Angle*, by dame Julyana Bernes, 1496, among the directions to make a fishing rod is the following: "Take thenne and frette him faste with a *cockeshote corde*." &c. but I cannot interpret the word. *Steevens.*

Cock-shut time,] i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V, p. 204: "A *Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cock-shut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionarium Rusticum*, 2 Vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. It is the custom of the woodcock to lie close all day, and towards evening he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his *shoot* or *shot*. So, the ballast of a ship is said to *shoot*, when it runs from one side to the other. This etymology gives us, perhaps, the original signification of the word, without any recourse for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination from the time of the day, or from the occasion on which it was used; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-shot*. Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 110, calls a stone which naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-shot* for the devil to run through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the resemblance of the hole in the stone to the meshes of a net. *Tollet.*

Mr. Tollet's opinion may be supported by the following passage in a little metrical performance, called, *No Whipping nor Trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge*, 1601:

"A silly honest creature may do well
"To watch a *cocke-shoote*, or a limed bush." *Steevens.*

I must support my interpretation against Mr. Tollet. He in part

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Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,[2]
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.[3]—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*K.* RICH. *retires into his Tent. Exeunt* RAT. *and* CATES.

admits, and then proceeds to overthrow it. And I will support it by the very instance Mr. Steevens adduced in his favour. The ballast of a ship may be said to *shoot;* as we now say, to *shoot* coals, or corn out of a sack; but it was never yet said that a woodcock *shoots*, when he takes his evening flight. *Cocke-shoote*, in the passage Mr. Steevens cites, is certainly a substantive, and the accusative case after the verb *watch*, which is confirmed by what follows, *or a limed bush*. And when the *cockshut net* is fixed a person always stands by to watch and manage it. A similar expression is in Hall's *Satires:*

" *To watch a sinking cock*, upon the shore.—" *Whalley.*

The passage from Hall is misquoted. He alludes to Fishing, and says—

" Or watch a sinking *corke* upon the shore." Edit. 1602, *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. IV, p. 33. *Steevens.*

That *cockshut time* meant *twilight*, is ascertained by Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617. See the latter word. *Malone.*

Ogilby, in his *Paraphrase of Æsop's Fables*, 4to. 1651, p. 6, introduces this expression in a way which perhaps strengthens Mr. Tollet's opinion that *cock-shoot* was taken from the flight of the woodcock. He makes the pine boast:

" —— when loud winds make *cock-shoots* thro' the wood,
" Rending down mighty okes, I firme have stood."

Here, I apprehend, Ogilby means to describe hurricanes which, by blowing down the trees, made glades or partial openings in the woods. *H. White.*

[2] *I have not that alacrity of spirit*, &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 775: " —not using the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo before he came toward the battell." *Steevens.*

[3] So, *set it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies stands at the beginning of the first line of this speech, caught perhaps by the compositor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next speech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the second line, but the metre shows that it was placed there by the negligence of the compositor. *Malone.*

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RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person,[4] noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney,[5] bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,[6]
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,[7]
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed[8] in his father's sight.

[4] *All comfort that the dark night can afford,*
Be to thy person,] So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
"Envellop you, —." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *by attorney,*] By deputation. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *mortal*-staring *war,*] Thus the old copies. I suppose, by *mortal-staring war* is meant—*war that looks big*, or *stares fatally on its victims*. *Steevens.*

I suspect the poet wrote—mortal-*scaring* war. *Malone.*

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus says of Antony, who is issuing out to battle—

"Now he 'll out-*stare* the lightning."

Again, in *The Tempest:*

"—— why stand you
"In this strange *stare?*" *Steevens.*

[7] *I, as I may,* ——
With best advantage will deceive the time,] I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. *Johnson.*

[8] *Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George*
Be executed—] So Holinshed after Hall: "When the said lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his familie, and to recreate and refreshe his spirits, as he openly said, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readinesse to

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Farewel: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,[9]
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber[1] peise me down to-morrow,[2]

join the earle of Richmonde at his first arrival in Englande,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before he had left as an hostage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the same town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his,—to avoid all suspicion, being afraide least if he should be seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV, in 1482. *Malone.*

9 —— *The leisure and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, *I would do this, if* leisure *would permit*, where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of* leisure. So again:

"—— More than I have said,—
"The *leisure* and enforcement of the time
"Forbids to dwell upon"——*Johnson.*

That is, the *small degree of leisure* we have. *M. Mason.*

1 *Lest* leaden slumber —] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Now *leaden slumber* with life's strength doth fight."
Malone.

2 —— peise *me down to-morrow,*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—*poize.* To *peize*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peser*, French.

I meet with this word in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596:

"And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead."

Again, in *All for Money*, 1574:

"Then if you counter*peaze* me learning with money."

Again, in Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester*, 1600:

"Nor was her schooles *peis'd* down with golden waights."

See notes on *The Merchant of Venice*, Vol. IV, p. 368. *Steevens.*

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When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c. with* STAN.
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons[3] of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;[4]
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost[5] *of Prince* EDWARD, *Son to* HENRY *the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow![6]
[*To K.* RICH.

[3] —— *bruising irons* —] The allusion is to the ancient mace. *Henley.*

[4] *Ere I let* fall *the* windows *of mine eyes;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— thy *eyes' windows fall*
"Like death —." *Steevens.*

[5] *The Ghost* &c.] This circumstance is likewise found in Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III,* (inserted in *The Mirrour for Magistrates,* edit. 1610,) and was apparently imitated from Shakspeare:

"As in my tent on slumbring bed I lie,
"Horrid aspects appear'd unto mine eye:
"I thought that all those murder'd ghosts, whom I
"By death had sent to their untimely grave,
"With baleful noise about my tent did crye,
"And of the heavens, with sad complaint, did crave
"That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have."

His terror on waking is likewise very forcibly described.

Drayton, in the 22d Song of his *Polyolbion,* may likewise have borrowed from our author:

"Where to the guilty king, the black forerunning night,
"Appear the dreadful ghosts of *Henry* and his *son,*
"Of his own brother *George* and his *two nephews,* done
"Most cruelly to death; and of his *wife,* and *friend*
"Lord *Hastings,* with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
"Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his sleep."
Steevens.

The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by

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Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair, therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of King* HENRY *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K.* RICH.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:[7]
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To* RICHM.
Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,[8]
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live and flourish![9]

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K.* RICH.

Hall and Holinshed, is as follows: "The fame went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him being aslepe, that he saw *diverse ymages lyke terrible devilles,* which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which straunge vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vysion,* and fearfull dreame." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already observed, began to write his history about twenty years after Richard's death *Malone.*

See p. 125, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[6] *Let me sit* heavy on thy soul *to-morrow!*] So, in *King Richard II:*

"Be Mowbray's sins so *heavy in his bosom.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *By thee was* punched *full of deadly holes:*] The word *punched,* which sounds but meanly to our ears, is also employed by Chapman in his version of the sixth *Iliad:*

"—— with a goad he *punch'd* each furious dame." *Steevens.*

[8] *Harry that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,*] The prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth* *Johnson.*

See Vol. X, p. 393, n. 3. *Malone.*

[9] *Doth comfort thee in* thy *sleep; Live, and flourish!*] Surely, we should read with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Doth comfort thee in sleep; Live thou *and flourish!* *Steevens.*

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I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,[1]
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword;[2] Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHM.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To K.* RICH.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To K.* RICH.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
pointing Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [*To K.* RICH.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[*To* RICHM.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K.* RICH.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To* RICHM.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the Two young Princes rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,[3]

1 —— *with* fulsome *wine,*] *Fulsome,* was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unctuous.* The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmsey.* *Malone.*

If Clarence had been choked by this wine, he might fairly enough have employed the epithet *fulsome* in its vulgar and accepted sense.—Shakspeare, however, seems to have forgot himself. The Duke (as appears from Act I, sc. ult.) was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be *washed to death.* *Steevens.*

2 *And* fall *thy edgeless sword;*] *Fall,* in the present instance, is a verb active, signifying *to drop,* or *let* fall. So, in *Othello:*

"If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
"Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." *Steevens.*

3 *Let us be* lead *within thy bosom, Richard,*] [The first folio &c.

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And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of Queen* ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,[4]
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHM.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost *of* BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To K.* RICH.
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

—*laid.*] This is a poor feeble reading. I have restored from the elder quarto, published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen:

"Let us be *lead* within thy bosom, Richard."

This corresponds with what is said in the line immediately following:

"And *weigh* thee *down* to ruin, shame, and death!" *Theobald.*

[4] *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by creditable report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always readie to strike againe. *He tooke ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearfull dreames; sodainely sometime start up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber;* so was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrances of his abominable deede."

With such a companion well might Anne say, that she never *slept one quiet hour. Malone.*

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And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope,[5*] ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHM.

[5] *I died for* hope,] i. e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid;* which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid. Warburton.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

I died forsook, ——

and supports his conjecture, as follows:

"This, as appears from history, was the case of the Duke of Buckingham: that being stopped with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain, he was deserted by his soldiers, who, being in great distress, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled."

Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation is very plausible; but may not the meaning of the expression be, *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that assistance,* which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality?

It may, however, be observed, that *fore,* or *for,* when joined to a verb, had anciently a negative signification. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— He shall live a man *for*bid."

As to *bid* was to pray, so to *for*bid had the meaning directly opposite, i. e. to *curse.* In *Antony and Cleopatra,* to *for*speak is to *speak against.* In *Hamlet,* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream,* to *for*do is the very reverse of to *do. Holpen* or *holp* is the old participle passive of *help,* and is used in *Macbeth:*

" —— his great love, sharp as his spur, hath *holp* him
" To his home before us."

Instead of *for hope,* we may therefore read *for holpe,* which would mean *unaided, abandoned, deserted, unhelped,* which was the real misfortune of the Duke of Buckingham. The word *holp* has occurred likewise in this play:

" Let him thank me that *holp* to send him thither."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Have *holp* to make this rescue." *Steevens.*

Perhaps we should read:

I died fore-done, &c.

So, in *Hamlet,* Act V:

" *Fore-do* its own life." *Tyrwhitt.*

[*] *I died for hope,*] This passage is involved in an obscurity, which the commentators, however ingenious, vainly endeavour to elucidate: on so intricate a point, I may be excused in hazarding an opinion. The word *for,* is frequently used by our author for *of.* In the present instance—" I died *for* hope," appears to be used in the same manner, as " I died *for* Love,"—" I died *for* Fear," &c. The personification is frequently introduced with

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But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* *K.* RICH. *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,[6]——bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.[7]—It is now dead midnight.[8]
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.[9]

fine effect by Shakspeare. Should this suggestion be correct, the meaning is plain: "I died *of* Hope"—Hope (by luring me from the precautions which an enterprise, fraught with danger, required, rendered easy in appearance what was difficult in reality, —if not impossible) was my death, therefore, he truly says,—I died *for* [*of*] Hope,"—Hope being the cause of his death.

Am. Ed.

[6] *Give me another horse*] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. *Johnson.*

[7] *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was some *spirit* in it because it burnt so *blue*; for my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*; there was some ill *spirit* in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," says Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguished." The *takers* are the spirits who blast or *take*. So, in *King Lear*:

"——strike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameness!" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *It is now dead midnight.*] So reads the quarto, 1597. The next quarto corruptly reads—"It is *not* dead midnight;" for which the editor of the folio, to obtain some sense, substituted, "*Is it not* dead midnight?" *Malone.*

The reading of the quarto, 1597, could it be supposed to need support, might meet with it in the following observation of *Hamlet*:

"'*Tis now* the very witching time of *night*." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *that is, I* am *I.*] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*I* and *I*. I am not sure that it is not right. *Malone.*

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Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself.[1] Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd[2]

[1] *I love myself*] The old copies redundantly read—*Alack*, I love, &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *Methought, the souls* &c.] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words:

"Fool, do not flatter." *Johnson.*

I agree with Johnson in supposing that this and the two following lines have been misplaced, but I differ from him with respect to their just situation.—The place, in my opinion, in which they might be introduced with the most propriety, is just ten lines further on, after the words—

"Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

"Methought," &c.

And then Ratcliff's reply—

"Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows."

would be natural; whereas as the text is now regulated, Ratcliff bids him not to be afraid of shadows, without knowing that he had been haunted by them; unless we suppose that the idea of shadows is included in what Richard calls a *frightful dream*.

M. Mason.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? &c. ——

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd—] Either the two and twenty intermediate lines are not Shakspeare's, or are

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Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord, ——

K. Rich. Who 's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I.[3] The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff,[4] I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K.* RICH. *and* RAT.

so unworthy of him, that it were to be wished they could with propriety be degraded to the margin. I wonder that Dr. Johnson, who thought the subsequent lines misplaced, did not perceive that their connection with the preceding part of the speech, ending at—*trembling flesh*, was interrupted solely by this apparent interpolation, which is in the highest degree childish and unnatural. *Ritson.*

I rather suppose these lines (though genuine) to have been crossed out of the stage manuscript by Shakspeare himself, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor of this play.

Burbage, the first performer of Richard, might, for obvious reasons, have requested their dismission; or the poet discovering how awkwardly they stood, might, "without a prompter," have discarded them. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*'tis I.*] Surely, these two syllables, serving only to derange the metre, should be omitted; or we ought to read:

My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock —." *Steevens.*

[4] *O, Ratcliff*, &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to say—"be not afraid of *shadows*," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already suggested in p. 167, n. 8. *Malone.*

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RICHMOND *wakes. Enter* OXFORD *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the Troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means[5] to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,[6] where he is falsely set;

[5] *One that* made means —] To *make means* was, in Shakspeare's time, often used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* *Steevens.*

[6] —— *by the foil*
Of England's chair,] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. *Johnson.*

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

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One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens' children quit[7] it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt[8]
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George![9] Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

"False stones by *foiles* have many one abus'd." *Steevens.*
England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is used equivocally. *Malone.*

[7] —— *quit* —] i. e. requite. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"To let a fellow who will take rewards,
"And say, God *quit* you!—" Steevens.

[8] —— *the ransom of my bold attempt* —] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corse. *Johnson.*
So, in *Henry V*, p. 297, Vol IX:
"My ransome is this frail and worthless trunk;" *Am. Ed.*

[9] *God, and Saint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84:
"*Item*, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *sinister zeale*, shall *maliciously* omit so fortunate a name, shall be *severely punished* for his obstinate *erroneous* heart, and perverse mind."
Hence too the humour of the following lines in Marston's ner-

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Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east[1] an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

vous but neglected satires, entitled *The Scourge of Villainie*, printed in 1599, Lib. III, Sat. viii:

"A pox upon 't that *Bacchis'* name should be
"The watch-word given to the souldierie.
"Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,
"Cry out *Saint George*, invoke thy mistresse' name;
"Thy *Mistresse* and *Saint George*," &c.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barber*, or the huge giant *Barboroso*, the burlesque is heightened, when, with much solemnity, and as if a real heroick encounter had been going forward, he cries out, "*Saint George!* set on before, march squire and page." Act III, sc. i. And afterwards, when the the engagement begins, *Ralph* says, "*St. George* for me:" and *Barbaroso*, "*Garagantua* for me." *T. Warton.*

[1] —— brav'd *the east* —] i. e. made it splendid. So, Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, says to the Tailor: "—thou hast *braved* many men [i. e. invested them with finery] brave not me." The common signification of the verb—*to brave*, will, in my apprehension, hardly suit the passage before us; for with what propriety can the sun be said to *challenge* or *set* the East *at defiance? Steevens.*

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More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,[2]
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow[3]
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot![4]—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.[5]

[*Giving a Scrowl.*

[2] *My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinshed: "King Richard havyng all things in a readiness went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in aray: first *the forward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of footemen,*—and to the formost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty sort of men." *Malone.*

[3] —— *we* ourself *will follow* —] The word—*ourself*, was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verse. *Steevens.*

[4] *This, and Saint George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. *Johnson.*

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*. *Hawkins.*

Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So, in *King Richard II:*

"Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive.*"

The old English phrase was, *Saint George to borrow.* So, in *A Dialogue*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564: "Maister and maistres, come into this vallie,—untill this storme be past: *Saincte George to borrowe*, mercifull God, who did ever see the like?" Signat. K. 7, b. *Malone.*

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K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*[6] [Reads.
For Dickon thy master[7] *is bought and sold.*
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams[8] affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word[9] that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.[1]——

[5] *This found I in my tent this morning*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the deficiency in the metre of this line, by reading:
This paper *found I* &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *be not* too *bold,*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, read—*so* bold. But it was certainly an error of the press: for in both Hall and Holinshed, the words are given as in the text. *Malone.*

[7] —— Dickon *thy master* &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient vulgar familiarization of *Richard.* In *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam —In the words—*bought and sold,* I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:* "It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold.*" Again, in *King John:*
"Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold.*"
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida,* with an addition that throws more light on the phrase: "— Thou art *bought and sold* among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave." *Steevens.*
Again, in *Mortimeriados,* a poem, by Michael Drayton, no date:
"Is this the kindness that thou offerest me?
"And in thy country am I *bought and sold?*"
Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout,* 1568:
"How prelacy is *sold and bought,*
"And come up of nought."
Again, in Bacon's *History of King Henry VII:* "— all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and sold* in France," &c —The expression seems to have signified that some *foul play* has been used. The foul play alluded to here, was Stanley's desertion. *Malone.*

[8] *Let not our babbling dreams* &c.] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows.
Tyrwhitt.

[9] *Conscience is* but *a word*—] So the quarto, 1598. *But* being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio supplied the omission by reading—*For* conscience is a word, &c
Malone.

[1] *If not to* heaven, *then hand in hand* to hell.] So, in *Macbeth:*

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What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds,[2] rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
so MS To desperate ventures[3] and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
distrain They would restrain the one,[4] distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?[5]

"That summons thee *to heaven*, or *to hell*."
Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:
"If not in *heaven*, you 'll surely sup in *hell*." *Steevens.*

[2] *A* sort *of vagabonds,*] A *sort*, that is, a *company* a *collection*. See note on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II, p. 319, n. 2. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *ventures* —] Old copies—*ad*ventures. *Steevens.*

[4] *They would* restrain *the one,*] i. e. they would lay *restrictions* on the possession of your lands; impose conditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To *distrain*," says he, "is to *seize upon*;" but to distrain is not to *seize* generally, but to seize goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpose of enforcing the process of courts. The *restrictions* likely to be imposed by a conquering enemy on lands, are imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute confiscation.—"And if he [Henry Earl of Richmond] should atchieve his false intent and purpose," (says Richard in his circular letter sent to the Sheriffs of the several counties in England on this occasion: *Paston Letters*, II, 321,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty, and disposition." *Malone.*

[5] *Long kept in* Bretagne at our *mother's cost?*] This is spoken by Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond: but they were far from having any *common* mother, but England: and the Earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed from the Countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable, therefore, that we must read:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's cost.* *Theobald.*

Our *mother's cost?*] Mr. Theobald perceives to be wrong: he reads, therefore, and all the editors after him:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's cost.*

But give me leave to transcribe a few more lines from Holinshed, and you will find at once, that Shakspeare had been there before me:

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A milk-sop,[6] one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

"You see further, how a companie of traitors, theeves, outlaws and runagates be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprize.—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milksop—brought up by *my moother's* meanes and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine." P. 756.

Holinshed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler, Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54, but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother;* as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. *Farmer.*

See a letter of King Richard III, persuading his subjects to resist Henry Tydder, &c. in Sir John Fenn's Collection of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. II, p. 318. *Henley.*

Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the Duke of Britaine, and supported there by Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald justly observed that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was led into this error by Holinshed, where he found the preceding passage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient historians, invented, and exhibited as having been spoken by the King to his soldiers before the battle of Bosworth.

If, says a Remarker, [Mr. Ritson] *it ought to be so in Shakspeare*, why stop at this correction, and why not in *King Henry V*, print *præcarissimus* instead of *præclarissimus?* [See Vol. IX, p. 376, n. 6] And indeed if *brother* is to be substituted for *mother* here, there can be no reason why all other similar errors should not be corrected in like manner. But the Remarker misunderstood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and *as Shakspeare ought to have written.* Dr. Farmer did not say—"as it ought to be *printed* in Shakspeare."

In all the other places where Shakspeare has been led into errors by mistakes of the press, or by false translations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an editor to new-write his author's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, sc. i. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the sense of the passage in Plutarch there copied is,—that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Antony is still permitted to say, that Cæsar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* side Tyber," though it ought to be—"on *that* side Tyber:" both which mistakes Shakspeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *King Henry V, præclarissimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakspeare, instead of *præcarissimus;* and in the same play I have followed our author in printing in Vol. IX, p. 212, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the person-

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Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves![7]—

meant: an error into which he was led, as in the present instance, by a mistake of the press.

For all such inaccuracies the poet, and not the editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely that Holinshed, and not Hall, was the historian that Shakspeare followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the *Dissertation on the Plays of King Henry VI*, where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long-agitated question, and to show that those plays were *re-written* by Shakspeare, and not his *original* composition. *Malone.*

[6] *A milk-sop*, &c.] So, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, already quoted:

"First with our foe-mens captaine to begin,
"A weake Welch *milksop*,—"

Alluding perhaps to *goat's milk*, of which anciently the Welsh were fonder than they are at present. *Steevens.*

[7] *Amaze the* welkin *with your broken staves!*] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. Johnson.*

So, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"Now by the marble face of the *welkin*."

A similar idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palsgrave*, 1613:

"Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven."

The same imagery is justified by the following passage in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Vol II, cap. lxxviii: "Syr Raynolde du Roy breake his spere in iiii peces, and the shevers flewe a grete hyght in to the ayre." *Steevens.*

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Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.[8]

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;[9]
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards,[1] set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, *and Forces; to him* Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,

[8] *Off* instantly &c.] The word—*instantly*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Without it, this line has no pretensions to metre. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the enemy is pass'd the* marsh;] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use. *Malone.*

[1] *Advance our standards*, &c.] So again, in *The Mirrour of Magistrates*; and apparently borrowed from Shakspeare:

" Advance then captaines, forward to the fight,
" Draw forth your swords, each man address his sheeld;
" Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,
" To heaven your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:
" Behold our foes do brave us in the field.
" Upon them, friends; the cause is yours and mine;
" Saint George and conquest on our helmes doth shine."
Steevens.

So Holinshed after Hall: " —like valiant champions advance forth your standardes, and assay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of sword; avaunce, I say again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us set forward." *Malone.*

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Daring an opposite to every danger;[2]
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse![3] my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

[2] *Daring* an *opposite to every danger;*] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and *opposite to every danger. Tyrwhitt.*

Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the 8th Book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:
"—— a most dreadful fight
"*Daring against him.*" *Steevens.*

The old reading is perhaps right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers, for *adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "— your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal." Again: "— and his *opposite* the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602: "— to strengthen us against all *opposites*. Again, more appositely, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:
"Myself, myself, will *dare* all *opposites*."
The sense then should seem to be, that King Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat Malone*

To dare a single opposite to every danger, is no very wonderful exploit.—I should therefore adopt Tyrwhitt's amendment, which infers that he flew to oppose every danger, wherever it was to be found, and read with him, "*and* opposite." *M. Mason.*

[3] *A horse! a horse!*] In *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the same manner:
"A horse, a horse, villain a horse!
"That I may take the river straight, and fly!
"—— Here is a horse, my lord,
"As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus."

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:
"—— a horse, a horse!
"Ten kingdoms for a horse to enter Troy!" *Steevens.*

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:
"A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!" *Malone.*

This line is introduced into Marston's *What you will*, Act II, sc. i, 4to 1607:
"Ha! he mounts Chirall on the wings of fame.
"*A horse! a horse! my kingdome for a horse!*
"Looke thee, I speake play scraps," &c. *Reed.*

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And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:[4]
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse![5] [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt, fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch[6]
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;

[4] *Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:*] Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in *The First Part of King Henry IV. Steevens.*

Shakspeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. [See p. 192, l. 3.] For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment. *Malone.*

[5] *A horse! a horse!*] Some inquiry hath been made for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakspeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a passage in the poems of Bishop Corbet; who introduced his host at Bosworth describing the battle:

"But when he would have said king Richard died,
"And call'd *a horse, a horse*, he Burbage cried." *Farmer.*

[6] —— *of* this *bloody wretch* —] It is not necessary to suppose that Richmond points to the dead body of Richard, when he speaks of him. According to an ancient idiom in our language, the denominative pronoun is often used instead of the prepositive article. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"—— but for *these* vile guns
"He would himself have been a soldier." *Steevens.*

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Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me first,[7] is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,[8]
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;*
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division,[9]
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

[7] *But, tell me* first, &c.] The word—*first*, was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verse. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *as we have ta'en the sacrament,*] So, in Holinshed, p. 745: "The earle himselfe first tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promising that incontinent after he shuld be possessed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth" *Steevens.*

* *The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,* &c.] See *King Henry VI,* P. III, pages 284 to 290, inclusive. *Am. Ed.*

[9] *All* this *divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided, in their dire division.] I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration:

All that *divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaster divided. *Johnson.*

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And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge[1] of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce[2] these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*[3]

[1] Abate *the edge* —] To *abate*, is to lower, depress, subdue. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— deliver you, as most
"*Abated* captives, —." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *reduce* —] i. e. bring back; an obsolete sense of the word. So, in *The goodly History of the moste noble and beautiful Ladye Lucres of Scene in Tuskan, and of her louer Eurialus* &c. 1560: "The mornynge forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the desyred day —." *Steevens.*

[3] This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. *Johnson.*

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the Queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing King Henry VII placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene. *Malone.*

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet perhaps they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, beyond all others variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and re-

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penting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.

Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, must also in some measure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious: for what modern audience would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his subsequent expostulation with the Murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the Scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the Citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the gross terms thrown out by the Duchess of York on Richard, the repeated progress to execution, the superfluous train of spectres, and other undramatic incumbrances, which must have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from rising into their present effect and consequence?—The expulsion of languor, therefore, must atone for such remaining want of probability as is inseparable from an historical drama into which the events of fourteen years are irregularly compressed. *Steevens.*

The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, written in 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. He most probably means Shakspeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more ancient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shows how early Shakspeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. *T. Warton.*

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III* had been acted at Trinity College, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codshead, that that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*" *Steevens.*

The play on this subject mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. *Farmer.*

The Latin play of *King Richard III*, (MSS. Harl. n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586.

Tyrwhitt.

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Heywood in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III*, "acted in St. John's, Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent in sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein it is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first Act of which is, "The showe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion, in MS. Harl. 2412.

Steevens.

The English *King Richard III*, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be presumed, had been exhibited some years before, was probably written by the author of *The Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*. *Malone.*

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *Vice*.

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled,

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La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en là Croix, s'il ne fût eté secourus; et convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; et le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit trés hautement son personage; et dura le dit Jeu——Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendent, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu et porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tresbien faite; car elle ouvroit et clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et isser; et avoit deux gross Culs d'Acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations Archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish impostures*, p. 71, says: "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries* to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who had frequent allusions to these things) in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for *a little vinegar*, (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar*.* For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great*

* This is not in Shakspeare's play, but in the *old* play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. *Malone*.

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Cry and little Wool, as the Devil said when he sheared his Hogs. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of *the ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of Saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, & optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.**

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor. It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escriverse en prosa como en verso;*†) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His words are, *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un santo los milagros de otro;*‡ which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them: the public taste not suffering any great alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they call *moralities* Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obstiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obstiné—Pugnition Divine—Simonie—Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obstiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and

* Civ. D. L. IV. † B. IV, c. 20. ‡ Ibid. 21.

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menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scéne, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Paysan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool*]. But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakspeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third Act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage.

"—— merely thou art *Death's Fool*,
"For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
"And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the peice, in order to show the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"So *Portent*-like I would o'er-rule his state,
"That he should be my *Fool*, and I his *Fate*." Act IV, sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mongrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*. *Warburton*.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

Like the old Vice.] The allusion here* is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

"In a trice, like to the old Vice;——
"Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and wrath,
"Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil."

In *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Act III, Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III, Hamlet calls his uncle:

"A *vice* of kings:"

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some

* i. e. p. 3, of Mr. Upton's book, where the words—*like the old Vice*—occur. *Malone*.

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others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The iniquity was often the *Vice* in our moralities; and is introduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass:* and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

"Being no vitious person, but the *Vice*
"About the town,
"Acts *old Iniquity*, and in the fit
"Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit."

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I, Pug asks the Devil "to lend him a *Vice*:"

"*Satan.* What *Vice?*
"What kind would thou have it of?
"*Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*,
"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
"Or old *Iniquity:* I'll call him hither."

Thus the passage should be ordered:

"*Pug.* Why any: *Fraud*,
"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,
"Or old *Iniquity*.
"*Pug.* I'll call him hither."
"*Enter* Iniquity *the Vice*.
"*Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *Vice?*
"Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

"*Mirth.* How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
"*Expectation.* Which is he?
"*Mirth.* Three or four; *old Covetousness*, the sordid *Penny-Boy*, the *Money-Bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.
"*Tattle.* But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I 'd not give a rush for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets.
"*Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in *The Alchymist*, Act I, sc. iii:

"*Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice.*"*

Some places of Shakspeare will from hence appear more easy, as in *The First Part of King Henry IV*, Act II, where Hal humorously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *King Richard III*, Act III:

"Thus like the formal Vice, *Iniquity*,
"I moralize two meanings in one word."

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage:

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* —— *a puppet, with a* Vice.] Mr. Upton has misinterpreted this passage. A *vice* in the present instance means a *device, clock-work*. Coryat, p. 254, speaks of a picture whose eyes were moved by a *vice*. *Farmer.*

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"Thus like formal-wise *antiquity*,
"I moralize: Two meanings in one word."

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, Act I, there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*;-which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belaboured in effigy. In *King Henry V*, Act IV, a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play: every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.*" Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the sentinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out, *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as the *Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the sentinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in Act III he is somewhat of this opinion himself:

"The spirit that I have seen
"May be the devil."

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off, in some measure, from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the Devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρυπανον, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds, ver. 447, explains, τρύμα, ὅ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοις πράγμασιν ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized, as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person. B. XI, 527:

"And took *his* image whom they serv'd, a brutish *Vice*."

his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so saucy. *Upton.*

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. *Johnson.*

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KING HENRY VIII.

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KING HENRY VIII.

WE are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII, that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb 12, 1604 That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII*, before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes, from Stowe, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. *Steevens.*

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII was written, I believe, in 1601.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue, observes, from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatic poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. *Malone.*

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PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I 'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat,[1] guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is,[2] beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend[3])

[1] —— *or to see a* fellow
In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons* introduced in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. *Theobald.*
In Marston's 10th Satire there is an allusion to this kind of dress:
"The *long foole's coat,* the huge slop, the lugg'd boot,
"From mimick Piso all doe claime their roote."
Thus also, Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* 1596: "—*fooles,* ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *such a show*
As fool and fight is,] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion* of *truth,* and *leave* him *never an understanding friend. Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. *Johnson.*

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Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known

3 —— *the opinion that we bring,*
(*To make that only true we now intend*)] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

—— *the opinion, that we bring*
Or *make; that only* truth *we now intend.* *Johnson.*

To *intend*, in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend*. So, in *King Richard III:*

"The mayor is here at hand: *Intend* some fear ——."

Again:

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." *Steevens.*

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words, and reading:

That *only true to make* we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend *to exhibit only what is true.*

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of *Henry the VIIIth* is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his Letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425,] under the description of "*a new play*, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called, *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth." The *extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty*, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the King's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house*, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III, p. 469, mentions "the burning of *the Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's-day [1613], which (says he) fell out *by a peale of chambers*, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the King's entrance: "*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*"] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth*.

In a MS. Letter of Tho. Lorkin to Sir Tho. Puckering, dated *London, this last of June*, 1613, the same fact is thus related: "No longer since than *yesterday*, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the *play of Hen. VIII*, and there shooting of certayne *chambers* in way of triumph, the fire catch'd," &c. MS. Harl. 7002. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV*, *character*.—["Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*."

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The first and happiest hearers of the town,[4]
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,[5]
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I 'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

King Henry IV, Part I, Vol. VIII, p. 328.] To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue) could never have fallen from the modest Shakspeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play, in 1613. *Malone.*

[4] *The first and* happiest *hearers of the town,*] Were it necessary to strengthen Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's supposition, (see notes on the epilogue) that old Ben, not Shakspeare, was author of the prologue before us, we might observe, that *happy* appears, in the present instance, to have been used with one of its Roman significations, i. e. *propitious* or *favourable*: "Sis bonus O, *felix*-*que* tuis!" *Virg.* Ecl. 5, a sense of the word which must have been unknown to Shakspeare, but was familiar to Jonson. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Think*, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,] Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:

—— *Think*, before ye. *Theobald.*

This is specious, but the laxity of the versification in this prologue, and the following epilogue, makes it not necessary. *Johnson.*

Mr. Heath would read:

—— *of our* history. *Steevens.*

The word *story* was not intended to make a double, but merely a single rhyme, though, it must be acknowledged, a very bad one, the last syllable, *ry*, corresponding in sound with *see*. I thought Theobald right, till I observed a couplet of the same kind in the epilogue:

"For this play at this time is only *in*
"The merciful construction of good *women*."

In order to preserve the rhyme, the accent must be laid on the last syllable of the words wom*en* and sto*ry*.

A rhyme of the same kind occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where Master Humphrey says:

"Till both of us arrive, at her request,
"Some ten miles off in the wild Waltham for*est*."

M. Mason.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the eighth.*
Cardinal Wolsey. *Cardinal* Campeius.
Capucius, *ambassador from the emperor,* Charles V.
Cranmer, *archbishop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of* Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. *Earl of* Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, *bishop of* Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln. *Lord* Abergavenny. *Lord* Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. *Sir* Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. *Sir* Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, *servant to* Wolsey.
Griffith, *gentleman-usher to queen* Katharine.
Three other gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *physician to the king.*
Garter, king at arms.
Surveyor to the duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and a sergeant at arms.*
Door-keeper of the council-chamber. Porter, and his man.
Page to Gardiner. *A crier.*

Queen Katharine, *wife to king* Henry; *afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *her maid of honour; afterwards queen.*
An old lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *woman to queen* Katharine.

Several lords and ladies in the dumb shows; women attending upon the queen; spirits, which appear to her; scribes, officers, guards, and other attendants.

SCENE,

Chiefly in London *and* Westminster; *once, at* Kimbolton.

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KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.[6]

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer[7]
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory,[8] those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:[9]
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung

[6] *Lord Abergavenny.*] George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. *Reed.*

[7] —— *a fresh admirer* —] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. *Johnson.*

[8] *Those* suns *of glory,*] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those *sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. *Malone.*

Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, v. 22:

"*Those suns of glory* please not till they set." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Guynes and Arde:*] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does. *Reed.*

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In their embracement, as they grew together;[1]
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself.[2] Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's:[3] To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[4] all in gold, like heathen gods,

[1] —— *as they* grew together;] So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*: "I *grow to you*, and our parting is as a tortured body." Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "So we *grew together*." *Steevens.*

—— as *they grew together*;] That is, *as* if they grew together. We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"—— a sweet *embrace*;
"Incorporate then they seem; face *grows* to face." *Malone.*

[2] *Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd*
To one above itself.] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation. Till this time (says the speaker) pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in Henry VIII, who could support her, even above her condition, in finery. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was encreased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French King, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. *Johnson.*

Before this time all pompous shows were exhibited by one prince only. On this occasion the Kings of England and France vied with each other. To this circumstance Norfolk alludes. *M. Mason.*

[3] —— *Each following day*
Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows. *Johnson.*

[4] *All* clinquant,] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Fuego de Toros*. *Johnson.*

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque*, &c. performed be-

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Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise:[5] and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[6] When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[7]

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing[8]
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;[9]

fore King James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palsgrave and Princess Elizabeth:

"——his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *him in eye,*
Still him in praise:] So, Dryden:

"Two chiefs
"So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone."

Johnson.

[6] *Durst wag his tongue in* censure.] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. *Warburton.*
See Vol. II, p. 151, n. 2. *Malone.*

[7] *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. *Theobald.*

[8] —— *the tract of every thing* &c.] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *All was royal;* &c.] This speech was given in all the edi-

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To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.[1]

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes,[2] that promises no element[3]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger.[4] What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?[5] I wonder,

tions to Buckingham; but improperly: for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. *Warburton.*

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[1] —— *the office did*
Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *certes,*] An obsolete adverb, signifying—certainly, in truth. So, in *The Tempest:*

"For, *certes*, these are people of the island."

It occurs again in *Othello*, Act I, sc. i.

It is remarkable, that, in the present instance, the adverb *certes* must be sounded as a monosyllable. It is well understood that old Ben had no skill in the pronunciation of the French language; and the scene before us appears to have had some touches from his pen. By genuine Shakspeare *certes* is constantly employed as a dissyllable. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *element* —] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *no man's pie is free'd*
From his ambitious finger.] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. See Ray, 244. *Reed.*

[5] —— fierce *vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. *Johnson.*

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." *Steevens.*

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That such a keech[6] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,[7] he gives us note,[8]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.[9]

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Thy *violent vanities* can never last."

In *Timon of Athens*, we have —

"O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!" *Malone.*

[6] *That such a* keech —] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. *Johnson.*

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Out of his self*-drawing *web,*] Thus it stands in the first edition. The latter editors, by injudicious correction, have printed: *Out of his* self-drawn *web*. *Johnson.*

[8] —— he *gives us note,*] Old copy—*O* gives us &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[9] *A gift that heaven gives* for him, *which buys*
A place next to the king.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king. *Warburton.*

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote:

—— *gives* to *him,* ——

which will save any greater alteration. *Johnson.*

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits *for* him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place*, &c. *Steevens.*

I agree with Johnson that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives to *him:*

for Abergavenny says in reply,

"I cannot tell
"What heaven hath *given him:*"

which confirms the justness of this amendment. I should otherwise have thought Steevens's explanation right. *M. Mason.*

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Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him:[1] Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[2]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,[3]
Must fetch him in he papers.[4]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them

[1] —— *I can see his pride*
Peep through each part of him:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
"—— her wanton spirits *look out*
"*At every joint and motive of her body.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *the file* —] That is, *the list.* *Johnson.*

[3] —— *council out,*] Council not then sitting. *Johnson.*
The expression rather means, "all mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letter." *Steevens.*
That is, left out, omitted, unnoticed, unconsulted with. *Ritson.*
It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council.* "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaille.*" *Malone.*

[4] *Must fetch him in he* papers.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. *Pope.*
Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the King at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tom. XIII, &c. *Steevens.*

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For this great journey.[5] What did this vanity,
But minister communication of the consummation
A most poor issue?[6]
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd,[7] was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,

[5] *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*
For this great journey.] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII, there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"*Pryde.* I am unhappy, I se it well,
" For *the expence of myne apparell*
" *Towardys this vyage*—
" What in horses and other aray
" Hath compelled me for to lay
" *All my land to mortgage.*"

Chapman has introduced the same idea into his version of the second *Iliad:*

" Proud-girle-like, that doth ever beare *her dowre upon her backe.*" *Steevens.*

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?" *Malone.*

So also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy:* "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor* on his back." Edit. 1634, p. 482. *Whalley.*

[6] *What did this vanity,*
But minister &c.] What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. *Johnson.*

[7] *Every man,*
After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed: "Monday the xviii of June was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from Hall, whom he calls Shakspeare's author; but Holinshed, and not Hall, was his author; as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found so combined in Hall's *Chronicle.* This fact is indeed proved by various circumstances. *Malone.*

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Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?[8]
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace;[9] and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.[1]
Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,[2]

[8] *The ambassador is* silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recalled. This being proper to be said of an *orator;* and an ambassador or public minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to an ambassador. *Warburton.*

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd. Johnson.*

[9] *A* proper *title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

"O *proper* stuff!
"This is the very painting of your fear." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *this business*
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.] *To carry a business* was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. So, in this Act:

"—— he 'd *carry* it so,
"To make the sceptre his." *Reed.*

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That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (*the Purse borne before him*) *certain of the Guard, and two* Secretaries *with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where 's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOL. *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur[3] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book[4]
Out-worth a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

[2] —— *comes that rock,*] To make the *rock come*, is not very just. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *butcher's cur* ——] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. *Johnson.*

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V, he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of Cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,
"Wold wirry them like an hog." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *A beggar's book*
Out-worths a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. *Johnson.*

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by the King himself a *learned gentleman*. *Ritson.*

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He bores me with some trick:[5] He 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse;[6] who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour[7] quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself:[8] We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.[9]

[5] *He* bores *me with some trick:*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir."
Steevens.

[6] —— *Anger is like*
A full-hot horse;] So, Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat:*

"Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
"'Twill quickly tire itself." *Steevens.*

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Till, like a *jade*, *self-will* himself doth *tire*." *Malone.*

[7] ——*from a mouth of honour* —] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. *Johnson.*

[8] *Heat not a furnace* &c.] Might not Shakspeare allude to *Dan.* iii, 22? "Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach*, *Meshac*, and *Abednego*." *Steevens.*

[9] *If with the sap of reason you would quench,*

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Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,[1]) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,[2]
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another,[3] yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master[4]
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,

Or but allay, the fire of passion.] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." *Steevens.*

1 —— *sincere motions,*)] Honest indignation, warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not.
Whom from the flow of gall I blame *not.* *Johnson*

2 —— *for he is* equal *ravenous,*] *Equal* for *equally.* Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *King John,* Vol. VII, p. 415, n. 4. *Malone.*

3 —— *his mind and place*
Infecting one another,] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the [illegible]on of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it.
Warburton.

4 —— suggests *the king our master* —] *Suggests,* for excites.
Warburton.
So, in *King Richard II:*
"*Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries." *Steevens.*

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As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal[5]
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily[6]
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,[7]
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in 't.[8]

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

[5] —— *our* count-*cardinal*—] Wolsey is afterwards called *king* cardinal. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court*-cardinal. *Malone.*

[6] —— He *privily* —] *He*, which is not in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] —— *thus the cardinal*
Does buy and sell *his honour as he pleases,*] This was a proverbial expression. See *King Richard III,* Act V, sc. iii. *Malone.*

The same phrase occurs also in *King Henry VI,* Part I:
" —— from *bought and sold* lord Talbot."
Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:* "It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *he were*
Something mistaken *in 't.*] That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be. *Malone.*

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Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.[9]

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:[1] 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[*To* ABER.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute;[2] and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,[3]

[9] —— *practice.*] i. e. unfair stratagem. So, in *Othello*, Act V:
"Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave."
And in this play, Surrey, speaking of Wolsey, says:
"How came his *practices* to light?" *Reed.*

[1] *I am sorry*
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *lord Montacute;*] This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married the Lord Abergavenny's daughter. He was restored to favour at this juncture, but was afterwards executed for another treason in this reign. *Reed.*

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One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,[4]—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?[5]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:[6]
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;[7]
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.[8]—My lord, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —— *John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. *Steevens.*

[4] One *Gilbert Peck, his* chancellor,] The old copies have it—his *counsellor*; but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed changed it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second Act, vouches for this correction:

"At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,
"Sir Gilbert Peck, his *chancellor*." *Theobald.*

I believe [in the former instance] the author wrote—*And* Gilbert &c. *Malone.*

[5] —— Nicholas *Hopkins?*] The old copy has—*Michael* Hopkins. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the *Chronicle*: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* *Malone.*

[6] —— *my life is* spann'd *already:*] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies*; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.* *Johnson.*

Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Probably, therefore, it means, when 'tis *spann'd* 'tis ended. *Reed.*

[7] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*] So, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

"And think me but *the shadow of myself.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By *dark'ning my clear sun.*] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

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SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *Cardinal* WOLSEY, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,[9]
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by the Cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. Johnson.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *King John:*

"O, how this spring of love resembleth
"Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
"Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
"And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony, remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

"—— now thy captain is
"Even such a body: here I am Antony,
"But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet, more appositely, in *King John:*

"—— being but the shadow of your son
"Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought occurs in *The famous History of Thomas Stukely,* 1605:

"He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love."

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in *Rollo, or the Bloody Brother,* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,
"He *darkens all your light.*"

We might, however, read—*pouts* on; i. e. looks gloomily upon. So, in *Coriolanus,* Act V, sc. i:

"———— then
"We *pout upon* the morning, are unapt
"To give, or to forgive."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act III, sc. iii:

"Thou *pout'st upon* thy fortune and thy love."

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal

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Of a full-charg'd confederacy,[1] and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us

to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. "I am (says he) but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour."

Our poet has introduced a somewhat similar idea in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"——the pleached bower,
"Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
"*Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites*
"*Made proud by princes* ——."

To *pout* is at this time a phrase descriptive only of infantine sullenness, but might anciently have had a more consequential meaning.

I should wish, however, instead of

By *dark'ning my clear sun,*

to read—

Be-*dark'ning my clear sun,*

So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— I have *be*-dimm'd
"The noontide sun." *Steevens.*

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy succesee,—turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *cloudes* of mishap and misery."

Mr. M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when, in fact, they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. *Malone.*

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts *out*," for "puts *on*," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." *Blackstone.*

[9] —— *and the best* heart *of it,*] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *stood i' the* level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy,] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot. *Johnson.*

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That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King *takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several Places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *Feet, on his right side.*

A Noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions,[2] yet the king our master,

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
"—— not a heart which in his *level* came
"Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *as* putter-on
Of these exactions,] The *instigator* of these exactions; the person who suggested to the King the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— The powers above
"*Put on* their instruments."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause." *Malone.*

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(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
ties The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,[3] have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[4]
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file[5]

3 *The* many *to them 'longing,*] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:
"The kings before their *many* rode." *Johnson.*
I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*, the οἱ πολλοὶ. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:
"—— the mutable rank-scented *many*." *Steevens.*

4 *And* Danger *serves among them.*] Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. *Warburton.*
Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose;* the second, in his fifth Book, *De Confessione Amantis;* the third, in his *Bouge of Court*—
"With that, anone out start *dangere;*"
and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth Book of his *Fairy Queen*, and again in the fifth Book and the ninth Canto. *Steevens.*

5 —— *front but in that file* —] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. *Johnson.*
This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stept in the same line with them. *M. Mason.*

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Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike;[6] which are not wholesome to those
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.[7]* I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[8] see ms. 1632

[6] *You know no more than others:* &c.] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. *M. Mason.*

[7] —— *tractable obedience* &c.] i. e. those who are tractable and obedient, must give way to others who are angry. *Musgrave.*

The meaning of this is, that the people were so much irritated by oppression, that their resentment got the better of their obedience. *M. Mason.*

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. *Malone.*

* I coincide in opinion with Musgrave—I think the meaning this,—So powerful and numerous are the *incensed*, that those who were disposed to be *tractable* and *obedient* have become *slaves* to their *will*. *Am. Ed.*

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K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person,[9] yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint[1]*
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope[2] malicious censurers; which ever,

[8] *There is no primer* business.] In the old edition—
There is no primer baseness.
The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness;* but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:
There is no primer business.
i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a despatch.
Warburton.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:
—— *no primer* business:
but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is *no mischief more ripe* or *ready* for redress. So, in *Othello:*
"Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies —."
Steevens.

[9] *If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know,*
My faculties, nor person,] The old copy—*by* ignorant *tongues*. But surely this epithet must have been an interpolation, the *ignorance* of the supposed speakers being sufficiently indicated by their *knowing neither the faculties nor person* of the Cardinal. I have, therefore, with Sir T. Hanmer, restored the measure, by the present omission. *Steevens.*

[1] *We must not* stint —] To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. iii. *Steevens.*

* We must not *stint* —] i. e. we must not *limit*, we must not *restrain* our necessary actions:—We must not do less than what is necessary to be done, because we may encounter malicious censures. *Am. Ed.*

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As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones,[3] is
Not ours, or not allow'd;[4] what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality,[5] is cried up
For our best act.[6] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,[7]
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take, *trebling*
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;[8]

[2] *To* cope —] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. *Johnson.*

[3] —— once *weak ones,*] The modern editors read—*or* weak ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime,* or *at one time or other,* among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th Idea of Drayton:

"This diamond shall *once* consume to dust."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring."

Again, in Leicester's *Commonwealth*: "——if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute —." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *or not* allow'd;] Not approved. See Vol. III, p. 72, n. 8. *Malone.*

[5] —— *what worst, as oft,*

Hitting a grosser quality,] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. *Johnson.*

[6] *For our best* act.] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should read—act*ion.* Perhaps the three last letters of this word were accidentally omitted by the compositor. *Steevens.*

[7] *Things done well,*] Sir T. Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, completes the measure by reading:

Things that are *done well.* *Steevens.*

[8] *From every tree,* lop, *bark, and part o' the timber;*] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches.* *Warburton.*

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And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes:[9] I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.[1]

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd,[2] and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.[3]
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,[4] the mind growing once corrupt,

[9] *That, through our intercession,* &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 892: "The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." *Steevens.*

[1] *Enter Surveyor.*] It appears from Holinshed that his name was *Charles Knyvet.* *Ritson.*

[2] *The gentleman is learn'd,* &c.] We understand from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the *Knyghte of the Swanne,* a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland,* the printer, adds, "—— this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, of whom linially is descended my said lord.*" The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date. *Steevens.*

[3] *And* never *seek for aid* out of himself.] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. *Johnson.*

Read:

And ne'er *seek aid out of himself. Yet see,—. Ritson.*

[4] *—— noble benefits ——*

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They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.[5] Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it[6] so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.[7]
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:

Not well dispos'd,] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *is become as black*
As if besmear'd in hell.] So, in *Othello:*
"—— Her name, that was as fresh
"As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
"As mine own face." *Steevens.*

[6] —— he 'd *carry it* —] Old copy—*he 'l.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[7] *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. *Johnson.*

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How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[8]
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney,[9] did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

[8] By *a vain prophecy of Nicholas* Hopkins.] In former editions: *By a vain phrophecy of Nicholas* Henton.
We heard before from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins, as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake; yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. *Theobald.*
This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. *Steevens.*
Shakspeare was perhaps led into the mistake by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 212, n. 5,) not to the monastery, but to the monk. *Malone.*

[9] *The duke being at the Rose*, &c.] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors company, and is now the Merchant Tailors school, in Suffolk-lane. *Whalley.*

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John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal[1] *See ms.*
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love[2] *of the commonalty; the duke*
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
This monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him,[3]

[1] —— *under the* confession's *seal*—] All the editions, down from the beginning, have—*commission's*. But what *commission's* seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, [p. 863,] from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." *Theobald.*

[2] *To* gain *the love*—] The old copy reads—*To* the love. *Steevens.*

For the insertion of the word *gain* I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should *endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty* of England."

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. *Malone.*

It had been adopted by Mr. Rowe, and all subsequent editors. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *for* him,] Old copy—for *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank?[4] Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man:——Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,[5]
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?

Surv. *If,* quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.[6]

[4] —— *so* rank?] *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What,* says the King, *was he advanced to this pitch? Johnson.*

[5] —— *Being my sworn servant,* &c.] Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the King in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the King's service for the duke of Buckingham's.
Edwards's MSS. Steevens.

[6] *Have put his knife into him.*] The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term, 13 Hen. VIII, in the year books published by authority, fol. 11 and 12, edit. 1597. After, in the most exact manner, setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: "Et issint fuit arreine *Edward Duc de Buckingham,* le derrain jour de Terme le xij jour de *May,* le *Duc de Norfolk* donques estant Grand seneschal: la cause fuit, pur ceo

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K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—*the duke his father,*—with *the knife,*—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: By day and night,[7]
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

que il avoit entend l' mort de nostre Sñr. le Roy. Car premierment un Moine del' *Abbey de Henton* in le countie de *Somerset* dit a lui que il sera Roy et command' luy de obtenir le benevolence del' communalte, et sur ceo il dona certaines robbes a cest entent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, et que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques auterfoits il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy: et auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trove coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traitre, et fuit decolle le *Vendredy* devant le *Feste del Pentecost* que fuit le xiij jour de *May* avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie."

Vaillant.

[7] ——*By day and night,*] This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—*at all times, every way, completely.* In *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:

"Thine own true knight,
"*By day or night,*" &c.

Again, (I must repeat a quotation I have elsewhere employed) in the third Book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*:

"The sonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

The King's words, however, by some critics, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. *Steevens.*

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SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain[8] *and Lord* SANDS.[9]

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[1]
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;[2] but they are shrewd ones;

[8] —— *Lord* Chamberlain —] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. *Malone.*

Lord Chamberlain —] Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester 5 Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII, and Henry VIII, and continued in the office until his death, 1526. *Reed.*

[9] *Lord* Sands.] Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, in Hants, was created a peer, 1524. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526. *Reed.*

[1] *Is it possible, the* spells *of France should juggle*
Men into such strange mysteries?] *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries;* and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. *Johnson.*

That *mysteries* is the genuine reading, [Dr. Warburton would read—*mockeries*] and that it is used in a different sense from the one here given, will appear in the following instance from Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland:*

"—— even so it fareth now with thee,
"And with these *wisards* of thy *mysterie.*"

The context of which shows, that by *wisards* are meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetic skill*, which was before called "mister artes." Hence the *mysteries* in Shakspeare signify those *fantastic manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchantments. Henley.*

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For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them[3] pace before, the spavin,*
A springhalt reign'd among them.[4]
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,[5]
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

[2] *A fit or two o' the face;*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. *Johnson.*

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother:*

"——learnt new tongues——
"To *vary his face* as seamen do their compass." *Steevens.*

[3] *That never* saw *them*—] Old copy—*see* 'em. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[4] *A* springhalt *reign'd among them.*] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610: "—by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:*

"Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*." *Steevens.*

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A* springhalt, read—*And* springhalt. *Malone.*

* I am satisfied the text is erroneous; Shakspeare must have known, that the *spavin* and *springhalt* were distinct diseases, the *spavin* causing lameness, from a callous formed on the bone of the gamel joint, which ultimately produces ossification; this is called the *bone spavin;* the *blood spavin* is a different disease, which also induces lameness in the same part: the *springhalt* originates in a contracted sinew of one or both of the hind legs, which, when the horse moves, is discovered by the foot being jirked, or twitched up much above the height, which the animal, if perfectly sound, would naturally raise it. In place of the alteration made by Mr. Pope I would prefer to read, "the spavin, *or* springhalt reign'd among them." *Am. Ed.*

[5] ——*cut* too,] Old copy—cut *to* 't. Corrected in the fourth folio. *Malone.*

Both the first and second folio read—cut *too* 't, so that for part of this correction we are not indebted to the fourth folio. *Steevens.*

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Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather,[6] that they got in France,

[6] —— *leave these remnants*
Of fool, and feather,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "— we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind," &c. Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. *Steevens.*

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's *Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time [viz. in the court of King Henry VIII,] I was no common squire, no undertroden torch-bearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of black cloth, ouerspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*." &c. *Ritson.*

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, Act I, sc. i, Sim says: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *The Fool laughing at a Feather*,"

But Sir Thomas Lovell's is rather an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps. See a print on this subject from a painting of Jordaens, engraved by Voert; and again, in the ballad of *News and no News:*

"And feathers wagging in a fool's cap." *Douce.*

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With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;[7]
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,[8] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away[9]
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they 're going;
(For, sure, there 's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

[7] ——*fireworks;*] We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie Françoise*, Vol. IV, that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art. *Steevens.*

[8] —— blister'd *breeches,*] Thus the old copy; i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read—*bolster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning. *Steevens*

[9] —— wear *away*—] Old copy—*wee* away. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

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Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he 's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;[1]
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, *a longer Table for the Guests. Enter at one Door,* Anne Bullen, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another Door, enter Sir* Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[2] has brought with her

1 —— *My barge stays;*] The speaker is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house) now Whitehall. *Malone.*

2 —— *noble* bevy,] Milton has copied this word:
"A *bevy* of fair dames." *Johnson.*
Spenser had, before Shakspeare, employed this word in the same manner:

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One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.[3]——O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, *Lord* SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[4] ere they rested,

"And whither runs this *bevy* of *ladies* bright?"
Shepheard's Calender. April.

Again, in his *Faery Queene:*

"And in the midst thereof, upon the flowre,
"A lovely *bevy* of faire ladies sate."

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Glossary to the *Shepheard's Calender.* *Malone.*

[3] *As* first-good *company,* &c.] As this passage has been all along pointed, [As first, good company,] Sir Harry Guildford is made to include all these under the *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

As first-good *company good wine, good welcome,* &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. *Theobald.*

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

As first, good company, then *good wine,* &c. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *a* running banquet —] A *running banquet,* literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment,* as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal.* The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. *Steevens.*

A *running banquet* seems to have meant a *hasty* banquet. "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habingdon, in his *History of King Edward IV,*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The *hasty banquet,* that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation.

It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called *The Walks of Islington,* 1657, that some double meaning was couched under the phrase, *a running banquet:*

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I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his State.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

"The gate unto his walks, through which you may
"Behold a pretty prospect of the play;
"A play of walks, or you may please to rank it
"*With that which ladies love, a running banquet.*" *Malone.*

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And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.[5]
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*[6]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;

[5] —— *if I make my play.*] i. e. if I make my party. *Steevens.*
Rather—*if I may choose my game. Ritson.*
As the measure, in this place, requires an additional syllable, we may, commodiously enough, read, with Sir T. Hanmer:
Yes, if I may *make my play. Steevens.*

[6] —— chambers *discharged.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands ereet on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows: "— cannons, demi cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet."
Again, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:
"—— I still think o' the Tower ordinance,
"Or of the peal of *chambers*, that 's still fir'd
"When my lord-mayor takes his barge." *Steevens.*

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For so they seem: they have left their barge,[7] and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord Chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and twelve Others, as Maskers,*[8] *habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord* Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

[7] —— *they have left their barge,*] See p. 230, n. 1. *Malone.*

[8] *Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Maskers,*] For an account of this masquerade, see Holinshed, Vol. II, p. 921. *Steevens.*

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it Cavendish was himself present. Before the King, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, "then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy."

Life of Wolsey, p. 22, edit. 1641. *Malone.*

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Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The* King *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,——
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[Cham. *goes to the Company, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[9]
Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his State.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I 'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:[1]
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[2]
Wol. I am glad,

9 —— *take it.*] That is, take the chief place. *Johnson.*

1 *You have found him, cardinal:*] Holinshed says the Cardinal mistook, and pitched upon Sir Edward Neville; upon which the King laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and Sir Edward's. *Edwarde's MSS. Steevens.*

2 —— *unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously. Johnson.*
So, in *A merye Jeste of a man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "—— in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappinesse* and falsnesse." *Steevens.*

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Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. —A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.[4]
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

[3] *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*
And not to kiss you.] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. l. no no date, "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde:"

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
"If that when daunce is doon,
"He may not have at ladyes lips
"That which in daunce he woon?" *Steevens.*

See Vol. II, p. 38, n. 2. *Malone.*

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all parts, of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kiss her! Ritson.*

[4] —— *a little heated.*] The King, on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him: and thereupon went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the chloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey. Malone.*

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K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let 's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.[5]
[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save you![6]
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,

[5] —— *Let the musick* knock *it.*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida,* Part I, 1602:
"*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.
"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.
"*Fla.* Pert Catzo, *knock it then.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *O,—God save you!*] Surely, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) we should complete the measure by reading:
O, sir, *God save you!* *Steevens.*

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He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face:[7]
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.[8]

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,[9]
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,

[7] *To* him *brought vivâ voce, to his face:*] This is a clear error of the press. We must read—*have* instead of—*him*. *M. Mason.*

[8] *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity. *Malone.*

[9] ——*he sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed: "After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore-chafing, and *sweat marvelously*." *Stevens.*

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Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;[1]—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the Axe with the Edge towards him; Halberds on each side: with him, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS,[2] *and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and loose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

[1] *The mirror of all courtesy;*] See the concluding words of *n.* 6, p. 224. *Steevens.*

[2] *Sir* William *Sands,*] The old copy reads—*Sir* Walter. *Steevens.*

The correction is justified by Holinshed's *Chronicle*, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir *William* Sands, received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir William Sands was, at this time, (May, 1521,) only a baronet, [rather, a *knight;* as *baronetage* was unknown till 1611,] not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the King's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands) and Buckingham's condemnation, in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. *Malone.*

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And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;[3]
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,[4]
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce[5] of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.[6]—Lead on o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.[7]—Commend me to his grace;

[3] *Nor build their* evils *on the graves of great men;*] *Evils*, in this place, are *foricæ*. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" —— Having waste ground enough,
" Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
" And pitch our *evils* there?" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *You few that lov'd me,* &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *the long* divorce—] So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:

" Scarce was the *lasting* last *divorcement* made
" Betwixt the bodie and the soule" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *And lift my soul to heaven.*] So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV:

" ——— ——— their songs
" Divide the night, and *lift our thoughts to heaven.*"
Malone.

[7] —— *no black envy*
Shall make *my grave.*] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant

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And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,[8]
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

no more than to make the Duke say, *No action expressive of* malice *shall conclude my life*. *Envy*, by our author, is used for malice and *hatred*, in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy*,
"Turne thee now, I thee defye."

Again:

"They drewe theyr swordes hastely,
"And smot together with great *envy*."

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it.

To *make* a grave, however, may mean to *close* it. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."

i. e. *closed, shut*. The sense will then be, (whether quaintly or poetically expressed, let the reader determine) *no malicious action* shall close my grave, i. e. *attend the conclusion of my existence* or *terminate my life;* the last action of it *shall not be uncharitable*.

Steevens.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. See Vol. IV, p. 392, n. 9; and p. 441, l. 31. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads—*mark* my grave; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V;* or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. See Vol. IX, p. 249, n. 7.

Dr. Warburton's emendation also derives some support from the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"A vulgar comment will be made of it;
"And that supposed by the common rout
"Against your yet ungalled estimation,
"That may with foul intrusion enter in,
"And *dwell upon your grave*, when you are dead." *Malone.*

[8] ——*forsake* me,] The latter word was added by Mr Rowe. *Malone.*

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Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.[9]
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:[1]
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;[2]
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

9 *Nay, sir Nicholas,*
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.] The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:
Let it alone, my state will now but mock me. Whalley.

1 —— *poor Edward* Bohun:] The Duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford. Shakspeare was led into this mistake by Holinshed. *Steevens.*
This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the Duke of Buckingham, most generally known, was *Stafford;* but the *History of Remarkable Trials,* 8vo 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford,* he being descended from the *Bohuns,* earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns;* and as the poet has taken particular notice of this great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the Duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun?* In truth, the Duke's name was BAGOT; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. *Tollet.*
Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. *Malone.*

2 —— *I now seal it;* &c.] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. *Johnson.*

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Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose;[3] for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, when
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel:
And when you would say something that is sad,[4]
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* BUCK. *and Train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith[5] to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;

[3] —— *be not* loose:] This expression occurs again in *Othello*:
"There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul,
"That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs." *Steevens.*

[4] *And when you would say something that is sad,* &c.] So, in *King Richard II:*
"Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
"And send the hearers weeping to their beds." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *strong faith* —] Is great fidelity. *Johnson.*

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I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,[6]
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is 't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a Letter.*

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for*

[6] —— *and* held *for certain,*] To *hold*, is to believe. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid*:

"I *hold* thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words." *Steevens.*

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London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good[7]
Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;[8]
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

[7] *Well met, my good*—] The epithet—*good*, was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the sake of measure. *Steevens.*

[8] *That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years* &c.] See Vol. VI, p. 185, n. 2. *Malone.*

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Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,[9]—
The French king's sister.[1] Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages:[2] all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.[3]

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in;
And, with some other business, put the king

[9] —— *see* this *main end,*] Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read *—his;* but *yt* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the King, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 238:
"The cardinal is the *end* of this." *Malone.*

[1] *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the Duchess of Alençon. *Steevens.*

[2] *From princes into pages:*] This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. *Johnson.*

[3] *Into what* pitch *he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the Cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. *Johnson.*
The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans:* "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" *Collins.*

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From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Ld.* Cham.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*[4]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha?
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. You are too bold:
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?— [*holds up a book*

[4] The stage direction, in the old copy, is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively. Steevens.*

This stage direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "*The scene opens, and discovers the King,*" &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing *scenes*, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let 's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the King. This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the King very civilly discovering himself. *Malone.*

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Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there? my good lord Cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,
[*To* CAMP.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.[5] [*To* WOL.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To* NOR. *and* SUF.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though,[6] for his place:
But this cannot continue. *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I 'll venture one heave at him.[7]
Suf. I another.
[*Exeunt* NOR. *and* SUF.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices;[8] Rome, the nurse of judgment,

[5] ——— *have great care*
I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard III:*
"—— we will not stand to prate,
"*Talkers* are no good doers." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *so sick though,*] That is, *so sick* as he is proud. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *one* heave *at him.*] So, in *King Henry VI,* Part II:
"To *heave* the traitor Somerset from hence."
The first folio gives the passage thus:
Ile venture one; haue *at him.*
The reading in the text is that of the second folio. *Steevens.*

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Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOL.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then

[8] *Have their free voices;*] The construction is, have *sent* their free voices; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. *Malone.*

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Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still:[9] which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARD.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is[1] a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

[9] *Kept him a foreign man still:*] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. *Johnson.*

[1] *To leave* is —] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

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To give her the avaunt![2] it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,[3] do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.[4]
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.[5]

[2] *To give her the avaunt!*] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. *Johnson.*

[3] *Yet, if that* quarrel, *fortune,*] She calls fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax:

"——twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long."
Warburton.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

That quarreler *Fortune.*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——but that your royalty
"Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
"For *Idleness* itself."

Like Martial's—"*Non Vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*" We might, however, read:

Yet if that quarrel fortune to *divorce*
It from the bearer.——

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"——I 'll tell you as we pass along,
"That you will wonder what hath *fortuned.*"

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. ii:

"It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)" &c. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*panging*
As soul and body's severing.] So Bartram, in *All 's well that ends well:* "I grow to you, and our *parting is a tortur'd body.*" *Steevens.*

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"The soul and body rive not more at parting,
"Than greatness going off" *Malone.*

[5] ——*stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. *Johnson.*

It rather means, she is alienated from the King's affection, is a

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Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.[6]
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[7] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third Act:

" —— Katharine no more
" Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
" And widow to prince Arthur." *Tollet.*

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one. *Malone.*

I agree with Mr. Tollet. So, in *King Lear:*

" Dower'd with our curse, and *stranger'd* with our oath,"—i. e. the revocation of my love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriended *stranger*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *our best* having.] That is, our best *possession*. So, in *Macbeth:*

" Of noble *having* and of royal hope."

In Spanish, *hazienda*. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *cheveril* —] is kid-skin, soft leather. *Johnson.*

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

" The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law. *Steevens.*

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Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;[8]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire,[9] although there 'long'd

[8] ——*Pluck off a little*, &c.] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

——*Pluck* up *a little.*

Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for *take courage*. *Johnson.*

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *duchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness,

——*Pluck off a little,*

says she; i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way,

which is an inferior degree of honour to any before enumerated. *Steevens.*

In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing: *I myself*
Would for Carnarvonshire] *Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II, at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry Ist's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*. *Whalley.*

So, in *A short Relation of a long Journey* &c. by John Taylor the Water Poet: "Concerning *Pembrookshire*, the people do speak English in it almost generally, and therefore they call it *Little*.

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No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

England beyond Wales, it being the farthest south and west county in the whole principality." *Steevens.*

You 'd venture an emballing:] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. *Johnson.*

Dr Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. *Tollet*

Mr. Tollet's objection to Johnson's explanation is an hypercriticism. Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously his distinction between a queen consort and a queen regent. *M. Mason.*

Might we read—

You 'd venture an empalling;

i. e. being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of *King Edward III*, 1596:

" As with this armour I *impall* thy breast—."

And, in *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe:*

" And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell." *Malone.*

The word recommended by Mr. Malone occurs also in Chapman's version of the eighth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

" —— such a radiance as doth round *empall*
" Crown'd Cytherea,—" *Steevens.*

Might we not read—*an embalming?* A queen consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *King Richard II*, the word is used in that sense:

" With my own tears I wash away my *balm*."

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*. *Whalley.*

The Old Lady's jocularity, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. *Ritson.*

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Commends his good opinion to you,[1] and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing:[2] nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd,[3] nor my wishes

[1] *Commends his good opinion* to *you,*] Thus the old copy, and subsequent editors. Mr. Malone reads:

Commends his good opinion of *you. Steevens.*

The words—*to you,* in the next line, must in construction be understood here. The old copy, indeed, reads:

Commends his good opinion of you to you, *and* ——

but the metre shows that cannot be right. The words—*to you* were probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line, and being marked by the corrector as *out,* (to speak technically) were inserted in the wrong place. The old error being again marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens. *Malone.*

It is as probable that, in the present instance, a correction and the erasure that was designed to make room for it, have both been printed

The phrase I found in the text I have not disturbed, as it is supported by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"*Commend* unto his lips thy favouring hand."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"I did *commend* your highness' letters *to* them." *Steevens.*

[2] *More than my* all *is nothing:*] Not only my *all is nothing,* but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

"More is thy due than more than all can pay." *Steevens.*

[3] —— —— nor *my prayers*
Are not *words duly hallow'd,* &c.] It appears to me absolutely necessary, in order to make sense of this passage, to read:

—— —— for *my prayers*
Are not words duly hallow'd, &c.

instead of "*nor* my prayers."

Anne's argument is this: "More than my all is nothing, *for* my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return." *M. Mason.*

The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if

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More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,[4]
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;[5]
[*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?[6]—I 'll to the king,

such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here, this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne) what *external* acts of duty and obeisance I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. *Malone.*

[4] *I shall not fail* &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen, by my commendation, the opinion which the King has formed. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *I have perus'd her well;*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, King James. *Theobald.*

[6] ——— *a* gem,
To lighten all this isle?] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsick light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. *Johnson.*

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"A precious ring, that *lightens* all the hole." *Steevens.*

Thus, in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, Trans. 1619, fol. B. IV, p 5: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light." With a reference to this notion, I imagine, Milton, speaking of the orb of the *sun*, says:

"If stone, *carbuncle most* or chrysolite."
Paradise Lost, B. III, v. 596.

And that we have in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— were it *carbuncled*
"Like holy *Phœbus' car.*" *H. White.*

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And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Ld.* Cham.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[7]
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:[8]—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,

[7] —— *Is it bitter? forty pence, no.*] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:

—— for *two-pence*, ——

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains, in many offices, the legal and established fee.

So, in *King Richard II*, Act V, sc. v:

"The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear."

Again in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II, the Clown says: "As fit as *ten groats* for the hand of an attorney."

Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*: "—wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570: "I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*."

Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Nay, that I will not for *fourty pence*." *Steevens.*

[8] *For all the* mud *in Egypt:*] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the *mud* and slime of the Nile. *Steevens.*

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Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet,[9] *and Cornets. Enter Two* Vergers, *with short Silver Wands; next them, Two* Scribes,

[9] —— *Sennet,*] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

"*Senné* or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblee. Dict. de vieux *Language:*

"*Senne*, assemblee *a son de cloche.*" *Menage.*

Perhaps, therefore, (says he,) *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune." See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*—

"Cornets sound a *cynet.*" *Farmer.*

A *senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI*, P. III, after the King and the Duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: "Senet. *Here they* [the lords] *come down* [from their seats]." In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note should be, I believe, sennet *on* cornets.

In Marlowe's *King Edward II*, we find "Cornets sound a *signate.*"

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1611, in v.

That *senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *signate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio MS. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear:

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in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishops of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph;[1] *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars;[2] after them,*

"Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, abowt the gainynge of ower comysion, as followeth, 1597.

"Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requeasts, xiid.

"*Item.* Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s." *Malone.*

1 —— *Archbishop of* Canterbury,——*Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph;] These were, William Warham, John Longland, Nicholas West, John Fisher, and Henry Standish. West, Fisher, and Standish, were counsel for the Queen. *Reed.*

2 —— *Pillars;*] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. More's *Life of Sir T. More.* *Johnson.*

So, in *The Treatous*, a satire on Cardinal Wolsey, no date, but published between the execution of the Duke of Buckingham and the repudiation of Queen Katharine. Of this curiosity the reader will find a particular account in Herbert's improved edit. of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, Vol. III, p. 1538, &c.

The author of this invective was William Roy. See *Bale de Script. Brit.* edit. 1548, p. 254, b:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
"Before him rideth two prestes stronge;
"And they bear two crosses right longe,
"Gapynge in every man's face:
"After them folowe two laye men secular,
"And each of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
"In their hondes steade of a mace." *Steevens.*

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letof Mr. Anstis's, on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. *Percy.*

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III, p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. *Tollet.*

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side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court,*[3] *comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;[4]

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. "On the —— day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called Yorke-place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confusion." *Chron.* Henry VIII, 104, b. *Malone.*

[3] —— *goes about the court,*] "Because (says Cavendish) she could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed between them." *Malone.*

[4] *Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;* &c.] This speech of the Queen, and the King's reply, are taken from Holinshed, with the most trifling variations. *Steevens.*

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And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:[5]
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have not I strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice[6]
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,

[5] *At all times to your will* conformable:] The character Queen Katharine here prides herself for, is given to another Queen in *The Historie of the uniting of the Kingdom of Portugall to the Crowne of Castill*, fo. 1600, p. 238: "— at which time Queene Anne his wife fell sicke of a rotten fever, the which in few daies brought her to another life; wherewith the King was much grieved, being a lady wholly conformable to his humour." *Reed.*

[6] —— nay, *gave notice* —] In modern editions:

—— *nay, gave* not *notice* —

Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and would therefore follow Sir T. Hanmer's correction. *Johnson.*

Our author is so licentious in his construction, that I suspect no corruption. *Malone.*

Perhaps this inaccuracy (like a thousand others) is chargeable only on the blundering superintendants of the first folio.—Instead of—*nay*, we might read:

—— nor *gave notice*
He was from thence discharg'd? Steevens.

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And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[7] in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel

[7] —— *or my love and duty,*

Against *your sacred person,*] There seems to be an error in the phrase "Against your sacred person;" but I don't know how to amend it. The sense would require that we should read, "*Towards* your sacred person," or some word of a similar import, which *against* will not bear: and it is not likely that *against* should be written by mistake for *towards*. *M. Mason.*

In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*. Mr. M. Mason has justly observed that, with such a punctuation, the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, *or aught* against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. *Malone.*

—— *against my honour aught,*
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, &c.] The meaning of this passage is sufficiently clear, but the construction of it has puzzled us all. It is evidently erroneous, but may be amended by merely removing the word *or* from the middle of the second line to the end of it. It will then run thus—

—— *against my honour aught,—*
My bond to wedlock,—my love and duty,—or
Against your sacred person, &c.

This slight alteration makes it grammatical, as well as intelligible. *M. Mason.*

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I will implore: if not; i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court;[8] as well *defer*
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep;[9] but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge:[1] for it is you

[8] *That* longer *you* desire *the court;*] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. *Malone.*

[9] *I am about to weep;* &c.] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
"Commonly are, &c.—but I have
"That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
"Worse than tears drown;" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *and make my* challenge,
You shall not be my judge:] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*,

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Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge;[2] whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay[3] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if[4] he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says—*I challenge him*. *Johnson*.

[2] *I utterly* abhor, *yea, from my soul,*
Refuse *you for my judge;*] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.
Detestor and *Recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against. *Blackstone*.
The words are Holinshed's: "—and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse*, and forsake such a judge." *Malone*.

[3] ——*gainsay*—] i. e. deny. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth Book of the *Æneid*:
"I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words." *Steevens*.

[4] —— But *if*—] The conjunction—*But*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens*.

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Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling,[5] in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,[6] as 't please

[5] *You* sign *your place and calling,*] *Sign*, for answer *Warburton.*

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. *Johnson.*

So, with a kindred sense, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"*Sign'd* in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe." *Steevens.*

[6] *Where* powers *are your retainers: and your* words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,] You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue; and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them In humbler and more common terms: *Having now got* power, *you do not regard your word. Johnson.*

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.

By *powers* are meant the Emperor and the King of France, in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly *retained;* and it is well known that Wolsey entertained some of the nobility of England among his domestics, and had an absolute power over the rest. *M Mason.*

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely, does not mean to say that Wolsey was *retained* by them, but that they were *retainers*, or subservient, to Wolsey. *Malone.*

I believe that—*powers*, in the present instance, are used merely to express *persons in whom power is lodged* The Queen would insinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest officers of state subservient to his will. *Steevens.*

I believe we should read:

Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,
Domesticks to you, &c.

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants. Tyrwhitt.*

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

"I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;
"I car'd not for the gentry, for I had
"Yong nobles of the land," &c. *Steevens.*

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Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more you person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen. GRIF. *and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,[7])
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,

[7] —— *could speak thee out,*)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise *Johnson.*

Rather—had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits i. e. of doing them extensive justice. In *Cymbeline* we have a similar expression:

"You *speak him far.*" *Steevens.*

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That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,[8]) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might[9]
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd;[1] but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it:[2]—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,[3]

[8] —— *although not there*
At once *and fully satisfied,*)] The sense which is encumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed,* though when so *loosed,* I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once;* that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *might* —] Old copy, redundantly—*that* might. *Steevens.*

[1] *Desir'd it* to be *stirr'd;*] The useless words—*to be,* might, in my opinion, be safely omitted, as they clog the metre, without enforcement of the sense. *Steevens.*

[2] *The passages* made *toward it:*] i. e. *closed,* or *fastened.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors,* Act III, sc. i:
"Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."
For the present explanation and pointing, I alone am answerable. A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth:*
"*Stop up* the access and *passage* to remorse,"
Yet the sense in which these words have hitherto been received may be the true one. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *on my honour,*
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The *King,* having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *Cardinal's* sentiments

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And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,[4] on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage,[5] 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience,[6] enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,

upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. *Theobald.*

[4] *Scruple, and* prick,] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. *Johnson.*

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says: "The special cause that mov'd me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that *pricked* my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. *Steevens.*

[5] A *marriage*,] Old copy—*And* marriage. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[6] —— *This respite shook*
The bosom *of my conscience*,] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote:
The bottom *of my conscience*, ——.
Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus: "Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my *conscience*, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Vid. *Life of Henry VIII*, p. 907. *Theobald.*

The phrase recommended by Mr. Theobald occurs again, in *King Henry VI*, Part I:
" —— for therein should we read
" The very *bottom* and soul of hope."
It is repeated also in *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *King Henry VI*, P. II, *Coriolanus*, &c. *Steevens.*

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That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea[7] of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

[7] —— hulling *in*
The wild sea—] That is, floating without guidance; tossed here and there. *Johnson.*

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

So, in *The Alarum for London*, 1602:
" And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream." *Steevens.*

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K. Hen. I then mov'd you,[8]
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.[9]

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*[1]

[8] *I then mov'd you,*] "I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and *so I did of all of you*, my lords." Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII*, p. 908. *Theobald.*

[9] *That's* paragon'd o' the *world.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, I think, better:

—— *the primest creature*
That's paragon o' the world. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"No: but she is an earthly *paragon.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"—— an angel! or, if not,
"An earthly *paragon.*"

To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakspeare, both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello:*

"If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
"My man of men.
"—— a maid
"That *paragons* description and wild fame." *Steevens.*

[1] *They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add: [*The King speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor.

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K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen, *and some of her Women, at work.*[2]

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey that he is returned and installed archbishop of Canterbury:

"My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
"Pr'ythee, return!——"

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name. *Ridley.*

2 —— *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skein of red silke about her neck*, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the Queen's answer, in p. 275, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce. *Malone.*

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Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.[3]

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour? I do not like their coming, now I think on 't. They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:[4] But all hoods make not monks.[5]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

[3] *Wait in the* presence.] i. e. in *the presence-chamber*. So, in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "The lady Anne of Bretaigne, passing thorow the *presence* in the court of France," &c. *Steevens*.

[4] *They should be good men; their* affairs *as righteous:*] *Affairs* for *professions*; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is they are priests. The *illation*, they are good men; *for* being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. *Warburton*.

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling*. *Johnson*.

Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. *Malone*.

[5] —— *all hoods make not monks.*] Cucullus non facit monachum. *Steevens*.

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Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,[6]
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out,[7] and that way I am wife in,[8]
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

[6] *Envy and base opinion set against them,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. *Johnson.*

Envy, in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So, afterwards:

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." *Malone.*

[7] *Seek me out,* &c.] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read:

—— *If your business*
Seek me, speak *out, and that way I am* wise *in;*

i. e. in the way that I can understand it. *Tyrwhitt.*

The metre shows here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know my life so even. If 'tis *your business*
To *seek me out,* &c. *Blackstone.*

The alteration proposed by Sir W. Blackstone injures one line as much as it improves the other. We might read:

Doth *seek me out,* ——. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *and that way I am* wife *in,*] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the King's *wife*; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise *in.* *Johnson.*

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed; so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wise* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage, so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this: "If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." *M. Mason.*

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Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;[9]
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)[1]
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.[2]

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*

[9] *O good my lord, no Latin;*] So, Holinshed, p. 908: "Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English." *Steevens.*

[1] (*And service to his majesty and you*)] This line stands so very awkwardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has suggested:

"I am sorry my integrity should breed
"So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
"And service to his majesty and you." *Malone.*

[2] —— *to* your *cause.*] Old copy—*our* cause. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

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My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been,[3] (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)[4]
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,[5]
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

[3] *For her sake that I have been,* &c.] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. *Malone.*

[4] (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest*)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? *Johnson.*

[5] —— weigh out *my afflictions.*] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, *to deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise *to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention.* This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, *to weigh out*, may signify to *counterbalance*, to *counteract* with equal force. *Johnson.*

To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh.* In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome* for *come over*. *Steevens.*

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He 's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye;[6] holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?

[6] *The more shame for ye;*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. *Johnson.*

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A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?[7]
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,[8] but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?

[7] —— *superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. *Johnson.*

[8] *Ye have* angels' *faces,*] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. *Johnson.*

I find this jingle in *The Arraygnment of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to Queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

"Her people are ycleped *angeli*,
"Or if I miss a letter, is the most."

In this pastoral, as it is called, the Queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her Majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears, from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint: "*England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons." *Steevens.*

See also Nashe's *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: "For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their devices*." *Malone.*

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I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field,[9] and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You 'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.[1]
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready

[9] ——— *the lily,*
That once was mistress of the field,] So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book II, c. vi, st. 16:
"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field." *H. White.*

[1] *The hearts of* princes *kiss obedience,*
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged, by a junto of his enemies, to kneel at the end of the council-table for *several hours*, that in a letter written during his retirement, in 1598, to the Lord Keeper, he had said, "*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.*" *Malone.*

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To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;[2]
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ante-Chamber to the King's *Apartment.*

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them[3] with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?[4] when did he regard

[2] *If I have* us'd *myself unmannerly;*] That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly. *M. Mason.*

[3] *And* force *them* —] *Force* is *enforce, urge. Johnson.*
So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"—— Has he affections in him
"That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
"When he would *force* it?" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *or at least*
Strangely *neglected?*] Which of the peers has not gone by him uncontemned or neglected? *Johnson.*
Our author extends to the words, *strangely neglected,* the negative comprehended in the word *uncontemn'd. M. Mason.*

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The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?[5]

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings[6]
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,

Uncontemn'd, as I have before observed in a note on *As you Like it*, must be understood, as if the author had written *not* contemn'd. See Vol. V, p. 29, n. 7. *Malone.*

[5] —— *when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of *himself?*] The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point:

—— *when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person;
Out of 't *himself?*

i. e. When did he regard nobleness of blood in another, having none of his own to value himself upon? *Warburton.*

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he*, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* *Johnson.*

[6] —— *contrary proceedings* —] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. *Johnson.*

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And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.[7] But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy *may all*
Trace the conjunction![8]
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,[9] and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.[1]

[7] *And* hedges, *his own way.*] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. *Johnson.*
Hedging is by land, what *coasting* is by sea. *M. Mason.*

[8] Trace *the conjunction!*] To *trace*, is to *follow*. *Johnson.*
So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— all unfortunate souls
"That *trace* him in his line."
The form of Surrey's wish has been anticipated by Richmond in *King Richard III*, sc. ult:
"Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction!" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *but* young,] The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. i:
"Good morrow, cousin.
"Is the day so *young?*"
See note on this passage. *Steevens.*

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Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha![*] at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:[2] shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more

[1] *In it be* memoriz'd.] To *memorise* is to make memorable. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I, sc. ii.
Steevens.

[*] This exclamation is frequently used by the King when much incensed, and seems to be noticed here to prove that those of the court knew well, it indicated his mind highly inflamed with anger.
Am. Ed.

[2] *He is return'd, in his opinions; which*
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce;
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:] Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, says Suffolk, *is returned in his opinions*, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, *which* (sentiments) *have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges* referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having sent *his opinions*, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

He is return'd with *his opinions, which*
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from *all* the *famous colleges*
Almost in Christendom: ——. *Steevens.*

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Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.[3]
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROM.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

[3] *To his own hand, in his bedchamber.*] Surely, both the syllable wanting in this line, and the respect due from the speaker to Wolsey, should authorize us to read:

To his own hand, sir, *in his bedchamber.*

And again, in Cromwell's next speech:

Was in his countenance: you, sir, *he bade —.*

or with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

—— and *you he bade —. Steevens.*

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Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, *reading a Schedule*;[4] *and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

[4] *Enter the* King, *reading a Schedule*;] That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, Vol. II, p. 796 and 797:

"Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of King Henry VII, one of the privy council to Henry VIII, to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books, (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs,) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were

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To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,[5]
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts[6]
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It 's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still

destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *then, stops again,*] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:
" —— citus modo, modo tardus incessus " *Steevens.*

[6] *Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts* —] Here I think we should be at liberty to complete a defective verse, by reading, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:
—— *and* then, *anon, he casts* —. *Steevens.*

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Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering. [*He takes his seat, and whispers*
Lov. *who goes to* Wol.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
Labor To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Ken. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word[7] upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. The lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:

[7] —— *with his* deed *did* crown
His word —] So, in *Macbeth:*
"To *crown* my *thoughts* with *acts* —." *Steevens.*

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And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:[8]—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities:[9] Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you,[1] than any; so your hand, and heart,

[8] *Beyond all man's* endeavours:] The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purpose for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. *Johnson.*

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces;" which, says Wolsey, no human endeavour could requite. *Malone.*

[9] *Yet,* fil'd *with my abilities:*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. *Johnson.*

So, in a preceding scene:

"——— front but in that *file*
"Where others tell steps with me." *Steevens.*

[1] ——*my* hand *has* open'd bounty *to you,*
My heart dropp'd *love, my power* rain'd *honour, more*
On you, &c.] As Ben Jonson is supposed to have made some alterations in this play, it may not be amiss to compare the passage before us, with another, on the same subject, in the *New Inn:*

"He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
"Then *shower'd* his *bounties* on me, like the hours
"That *open-handed* sit upon the clouds,

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Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,[2]
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.[3]
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,[4]
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

"And press the liberality of heaven
"Down to the laps of thankful men." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *that am, have, and will be.*] I can find no meaning in these words, or see how they are connected with the rest of the sentence; and should therefore strike them out. *M. Mason.*

I suppose the meaning is, *that*, or *such a man*, I am, have *been*, and will *ever* be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardnesses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this had been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line; and, indeed, I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. *Malone.*

[4] *As doth a rock against the* chiding *flood,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"—— it is an ever-fixed mark,
"That looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

The *chiding* flood is the *resounding* flood. So, in the verses in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio, 1632:

"—— there plays a fair
"But *chiding* fountain."

See Vol. IX, p. 266, n. 8. *Malone.*

See also Vol. II, p. 344, n. 4. *Steevens.*

"Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit."
Æn. VII, 586. *S. W.*

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For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him Papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* King, *frowning upon Cardinal* Wol. *the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What 's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewel!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;[5]
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey,[6] *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

[5] *I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;*] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II:*

"Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
"There is a point, to which when men aspire,
"They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*
"And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
"Why should I grieve at my declining fall?" *Malone.*

[6] *Re-enter the Dukes* &c.] It may not be improper here to repeat,

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To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,[7] my lord of Winchester's,[8]
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,

that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so, on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth:

"I am joyful
"To meet the least occasion that may give me
"Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke."

Again:

"Thy ambition,
"Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
"Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:——
"You sent me deputy for Ireland;
"Far from his succour, ——."

But Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reason for adding the third or fourth person as interculators in this scene is not very apparent, for Holinshed, p. 909, mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal, and all that is spoken would proceed with sufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cause of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolsey is obvious, and Cavendish mentions that an open quarrel at this time subsisted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. *Reed.*

[7] *To* Asher-*house,*] Thus the old copy. *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher;* as appears from Holinshed: "— and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher.*" *Holinshed,* Vol. II, p. 909. *Warner.*

[8] —— *my lord of Winchester's,*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. *Malone.*

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolsey held this see *in commendam.* Esher therefore was his own house. *Reed.*

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Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.[9]
Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it.[1] Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours[2] Surrey durst better

[9] —— *so* weighty.] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to *mighty*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his capricious alteration. *Malone.*

I believe the change pointed out, was rather accidental than capricious; as, in the proof sheets of this republication, the words —*weighty* and *mighty* have more than once been given instead of each other. *Steevens.*

[1] *Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,*
(*I mean, your malice,*) *know*, &c.] Wolsey had said:
"—— words cannot carry
"Authority so weighty."
To which they reply:
"Who dare cross them?" &c.
Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words* (*I mean* more than *your malicious* will and words) *to do it;* that is, *to carry authority so mighty;* I will deny to return what the King has given me. *Johnson.*

[2] *Within these* forty *hours*—] Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace. I suspect that Shakspeare wrote—*within these* four *hours*,—and that the person who

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Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth[3]
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,

revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration. *Malone.*

I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of "*forty* pence;" Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says—"I had rather than *forty* shillings —;" and in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "the humour of *forty* fancies" is the ornament of Grumio's hat. Thus, also, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— on fair ground
"I could beat *forty* of them." *Steevens.*

[3] *That* I, *in the way* &c.] Old copy—*That in the way. Steevens.* Mr. Theobald reads:

That I *in the way* &c.

and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

As this passage is to me obscure, if not unintelligible, without Mr. Theobald's correction, I have not discarded it. *Steevens.*

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Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[4] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[5]
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who,[6] if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[7] when the brown wench[8]

[4] *To be thus jaded*—] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest;—to have him mounted above us. *Malone.*

The same verb (whatever its precise meaning may be) occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. i:

"The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
"We have *jaded* out o' the field." *Steevens.*

[5] *And* dare *us with his cap, like* larks.] So, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 656: "—never Hobie so *dared* a *lark*."

It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* i. e. a satire on Wolsey:

"The red hat with his lure,
"Bringeth al thinges under cure." *Steevens.*

[6] *Who,*] Old copy—*Whom*. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] *Worse than the* sacring bell,] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in proces-

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Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I 'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

sion, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. *Theobald.*

The Abbess, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, says:

"—— you shall ring the *sacring bell*,
"Keep your hours, and toll your knell."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass."

The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book X, ch. vi. And by Chapman, in his version of Homer's *Hymn to Diana:*

"*Sacring* my song to every deity." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *when the brown wench* &c.] The amorous propensities of Cardinal Wolsey are much dwelt on in the ancient satire already quoted, p. 259, n. 2:

"By his pryde and faulce treachery,
"*Whoardom and baudy leachery*,
"He hath been so intollerable."

Again:

"The goodes that he thus gaddered
"Wretchedly he hath scattered
"In causes nothynge expedient.
"To make wyndowes walles and dores,
"And *to mayntayne baudes and whores*
"A grett parte thereof is spent."

And still more grossly are his amours spoken of in many other parts of the same poem. *Steevens.*

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You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.[9]

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing[1]
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

[9] *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*] In the long string of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against Wolsey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94. *H. White.*

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England. Douce.*

[1] —— *to the* mere *undoing* —] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I am as happy
"In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine." *Steevens.*

See Vol. II, p. 12, n. 2. *Malone.*

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Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass[2] of a *præmunire*,[3]—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever,[4] and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOL.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.

[2] *Fall* into *the compass* &c.] The harshness of this line induces me to think that we should either read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—Fall *in* the compass, or *Fall into compass*, omitting the article. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*of a* præmunire,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. *Steevens.*

[4] Chattels, *and whatsoever*,] The old copy—*castles*. I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection*; and his *lands* and *tenements*, *goods* and *chattels*, forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *præmunire* is set out by Holinshed, in his *Life of King Henry VIII*, p. 909. *Theobald.*

The emendation made by Mr. Theobald, is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*: "After this, in the King's Bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attornies which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgment to forfeit all his landes, tenements, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." *Chron.* Vol. II, p. 909. *Malone.*

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Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope,[5] to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,[6]
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,[7]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

[5] *This is the state of man; To-day* he puts forth
The tender leaves *of hope*, &c.] So, in our author's 25th Sonnet:
"Great *princes' favourites* their fair *leaves* spread,
"But as the marigold in the sun's eye;
"And in themselves their pride lies buried,
"For at a frown they in their glory die." *Malone.*

[6] —— *nips his* root,] As spring-frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. *Malone.*

Vernal frosts, indeed, do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not, in either reading, correspond exactly with nature. *Johnson.*

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in A. W.'s *Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies:*

"And frosts so *nip the rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds."
See Gascoigne's *Works*, 1587. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *and* their *ruin*,] Most of the modern editors read—*our* ruin. *Steevens.*

Their ruin is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and *ruin* of him on whom it lights. So before:

"He parted *frowning* from me, as if *ruin*
"Leap'd from his *eyes*." *Malone.*

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And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[8]
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.[9]

[8] *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,*] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

"Your fault not half so great as was my pride,
"For which offence *fell Lucifer* from the skies." *Malone.*

In *The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the Cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
"We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne," &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *I am able now, methinks,*
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.] So, in *King Henry VI*, Part II:

"More can I bear, than you dare execute."

Again, in *Othello:*

"Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
"As I have to be hurt." *Malone.*

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What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em![1]
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open,[2] as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

[1] —— *a tomb of orphans' tears wept on* 'em!] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harsh. *Johnson.*

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

"*Flentibus* Heliadum *ramis* dum vipera serpit,
"Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram:
"Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
"Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
"Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro,
"Vipera si *tumulo* nobiliore jacet."

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper. The same conceit, however, is found in Drummond of Hawthornden's *Teares for the Death of Moeliades:*

"The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
"*A crystal tomb to him,* through which his worth appeares." *Steevens.*

A similar conceit occurs in *King Richard II,* Act III, sc. iii. *Henley.*

The old copy has—on *him.* The error, which probably arose from similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[2] —— *in open,*] A Latinism, [*in aperto*] perhaps introduced by Ben Jonson, who is supposed to have tampered with this play. Et castris *in aperto* positis: Liv. I, 33, i. e. *in a place exposed on all sides to view. Steevens.*

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Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories.
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.[3] Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now,[4] and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

[3] *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*
Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hundred. "When (says Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey,*) shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house?—Here is an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1641; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half of the MS. being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore, among other unwarrantable sophistications, they took care that the number "of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be sufficiently magnified; and, instead of *one hundred and eighty*, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two MSS. of this work in the Museum; *MSS Harl.* N°. 428, and *MSS. Birch*, 4233.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household, by the addition of a cypher, is made 1800. *Malone.*

[4] —— *make* use —] i. e. make interest. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "— I gave him *use* for it." *Steevens.*

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Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;[5]
By that sin fell the angels,[6] how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;[7]
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

[5] —— *fling away* ambition;] Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: "— then if thou *fall'st*," &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. *Malone.*

[6] *By that sin fell the angels,*] See p. 298, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *cherish those hearts that* hate *thee;*] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man, experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends.* I am of opinion the poet wrote:

—— *cherish those hearts that* wait *thee;*

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

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Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,[8]
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal[9]

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. *Warburton.*

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Pr'ythee, lead me in:*
There take an inventory of all I have,] This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631.

Among the *Harl. MSS.* there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Housholde Stuffe. *Temp. Hen. VIII.* The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." See *Harl. Catal.* N°. 599. *Douce.*

[9] *Had I but serv'd my God* &c.] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. *Johnson.*

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity."

A similar sentiment also occurs in *The Earle of Murton's Tragedy*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"Had I serv'd God as well in euery sort,
"As I did serue my king and maister still;
"My scope had not this season beene so short,
"Nor world haue had the power to doe me ill." *Steevens.*

Antonio Perez, the favorite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ses benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse

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I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.[1]
2 *Gent.* And so are you.[2]
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;[3]

eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doubte point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis." *Malone.*

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his King in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. *M. Mason.*

There is a remarkable affinity between these words and part of the speech of Sir James Hamilton, who was supposed, by King James V, thus to address him in a dream: "Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God, as I was to thee, I had not died that death." Pinscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, 12mo. *Douce.*

1 —— *once again,*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second Act. *Johnson.*

2 And *so are you.*] The conjunction—*And* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

3 —— *their* royal *minds;*] i. e. their minds well affected to their King. Mr. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal.* In *King Henry IV*, Part II, we have "*royal* faith," that is, faith due

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As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day[4] with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance,[5] and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place. *Malone.*

Royal, I believe, in the present instance, only signifies—*noble*. So, Macbeth, speaking of Banquo, mentions his "*royalty* of nature." *Steevens.*

[4] —— this *day* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
—— these *days* ——
but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. *Johnson.*

[5] —— not *appearance*,] I suppose our author wrote—*non*-appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"—— the execution did cry out
"Against the *non*-performance." *Steevens.*

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And the late marriage[6] made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms,*[7] *and on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets*[8] *of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who 's that, that bears the sceptre?

[6] —— *the* late *marriage* —] i. e. the marriage *lately* considered as a valid one. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *in his coat of arms,*] i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *coronal* —— *circlets* —] I do not recollect that these two words occur in any other of our author's works; a circumstance that may serve to strengthen Dr. Farmer's opinion—that the directions for the court pageantry throughout the present drama, were drawn up by another hand. *Steevens.*

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1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:[9]
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2. *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled[1]

9 —— *when he* strains *that lady:*] I do not recollect that our author, in any other of his works, has used the verb—*strain* in its present sense, which is that of the Latin *comprimere*. Thus Livy, I 4: "*Compressa* vestalis, quum geminum partum edidisset," &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad:*

"Bright Peribæa, whom the flood, &c.
"*Compress'd.*"

I have pointed out this circumstance, because Ben Jonson is suspected of having made some additions to the play before us, and, perhaps, in this very scene which is descriptive of the personages who compose the antecedent procession. See Dr. Farmer's note on the Epilogue to this play. *Steevens.*

1 —— and *I am stifled* —] *And* was introduced by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

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With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream[2]
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go,[3] like rams[4]
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven

[2] —— *The rich* stream &c.]
" —— ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
" Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus *undam*."
Virg. *Georg.* II, 461. *Malone.*
Again, in the second *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 223:
" —— foribus cum immissa superbis
" *Unda* fremit vulgi."
So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I, sc. i:
" —— this *confluence*, this great *flood* of visitors."
See Dr. Johnson's note on this passage. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to go*,] i. e. to continue in their pregnancy. So, afterwards:
" —— the fruit she *goes* with
" I pray for heartily." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *like rams* —] That is, like battering rams. *Johnson.*
So, in Virgil, *Æneid* II:
" —— labat *ariete* crebro
" Janua ——." *Steevens.*

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So strangely in one piece.
2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?[8]
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there 's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,

[8] *But, 'pray, what follow'd?*] The word—*'pray* was added, for the sake of the measure, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Steevens.*

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And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[6]

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour,[7] cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think,[8] your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.[9]

[6] *Scene II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *child of honour,*] So, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:
"That this same *child of honour* and renown —." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *I* think,] Old copy—I *thank*. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

[9] —— *he stepp'd before me,* happily,
For my example.] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. *Steevens.*

Mr. M. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*.

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Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland[1]
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.[2]

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,[3] he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *King Henry VI*, Part II:

"Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
"Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his." *Malone.*

1 —— *the* stout earl Northumberland —] So, in *Chevy Chase:*

"*The stout earl of Northumberland*
"A vow to God did make" &c. *Steevens.*

2 *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself; but the words—"at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. See a former note, p. 300. *Malone.*

Cardinals generally rode on mules. "He rode like a cardinal, sumptuously upon his *mule*." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. *Reed.*

In the representation of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one of these animals very richly caparisoned. This circumstance also is much dwelt on in the ancient Satire quoted p. 259, n. 2:

"*Wat.* What yf he will the devils blisse?
"*Jef.* They regarde it no more be gisse
"Then waggynge of his *mule's* tayle,
"*Wat.* Doth he then use on *mule's* to ryde?
"*Jef.* Ye, and that with so shamful pryde
"That to tell it is not possible."

Again:

"Then foloweth my lorde on his *mule*
"Trapped with golde under her cule
"In every poynt most curiously."

Again:

"The bosses of his *mulis* brydles
"Myght bye Christ and his disciples
"As farre as I coulde ever rede." *Steevens.*

3 —— *with easy roads,*] i. e. by short stages. *Steevens.*

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Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! *lightly*
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[4] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom:[5] simony was fair play;

[4] *Of an unbounded* stomach,] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of King Richard III:
"Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *one, that by* suggestion
Ty'd *all the kingdom:*] The word *suggestion*, says the critick, [Dr. Warburton] is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim:*
"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestions* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.
Perhaps, after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal!* A sense of the word, as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.
But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed,

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His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,

is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal:* who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them, by way of comfort, at the end of his harangue, that, *upon on average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient: "Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more." And again: "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testamentes, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasure egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. *Farmer.*

In Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the Cardinal says:

"I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
"*Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land," &c. *Steevens.*

Ty'd *all the kingdom:*] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the King and the Pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II, sc. ii, "free us from his slavery,"—"or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages: all men's honours," &c. Act III, sc. ii. "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I, sc. i, and Act III, sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I, sc. ii, told the King it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle:*" i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the Cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the Queen is descanting on the Cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to inti-

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Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.[6]
Of his own body he was ill,[7] and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[8] May it please your highness

mate that the Cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So, Buckingham says, Act I, sc. i, "No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III, sc. *ult.* "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*, "You have sent *innumerable substance* (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. *Tollet.*

[6] —— *as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"———— Great men,
"Till they have gain'd their ends, are *giants in*
"*Their promises;* but those obtain'd, *weak pygmies*
"*In their performance.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Of his own body he was ill,*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. Thus, in *The Manciple's Tale*, by Chaucer:

"If *of hire body dishonest* she be."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 1258: "—he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him." *Steevens.*

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, Edw. IV, p. 16: "She was *naught of her bodye*." *Malone.*

[8] ———— *their virtues*
We write in water.] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster:*

"——all your better deeds
"Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble." *Steevens.*

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III*, whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom

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To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,[9]

she had served in her prosperity, More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." More's *Works*, bl. l. 1557, p. 59. *Percy.*

In Whitney's *Emblemes*, printed at Leyden, 4to. 1586, p. 183, is the following:

"*Scribit in marmore læsus.*
"In marble harde our harmes wee alwayes grave,
"Because, wee still will beare the same in minde:
"In duste wee write the benefittes wee have,
"Where they are soone defaced with the winde.
"So, wronges wee houlde, and never will forgive;
"And soone forget, that still with us shoulde live."

Again, as Mr. Ritson quotes from Harrington's *Ariosto*:

"Men say it, and and we see it come to pass,
"Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ *in brass*."

To avoid an unnecessary multiplication of instances, I shall just observe, that the same sentiment is found in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, Act V, sc. ii, and Marston's *Malcontent*, Act II, sc. iii. *Reed.*

[9] *This cardinal*, &c.] This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion, in his *Historie of Ireland*, described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, (saith he) some prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; insaciable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appurtenances) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albons, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam;* a great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherein she shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed.*"

* So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— nothing in his life
"Became him like the leaving it;—" *Steevens.*

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Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour.[1] From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:[2]
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich,[3] and Oxford! one of which fell with him,

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied: "Cardinal Wolsey was an honest, poor man's sonne—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learne;* wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made bachelour of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy batchelour.*" See also Wolsey's Legend, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly BORN to *honour*," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly. *Malone.*

The present punctuation,

"——*From his cradle,*
"He was a scholar,——

seems to be countenanced by a passage in *King Henry V:*

"*Never was such a* sudden *scholar made.*" *Steevens.*

[1] *Was fashion'd to much honour.*] Perhaps our author borrowed this expression from *Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, ix, 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, *to make one vessel unto honour*" &c. *Steevens.*

[2] ——*fair spoken, and persuading:*] Eloquence constituted a part of the Cardinal's real character In the charges exhibited against him, it was alleged that at the Privy Council "he would have all the words to himself, and *consumed much time with a fair tale.*" See 4 *Inst.* 91. *H. White.*

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Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[4] man
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

[3] *Ipswich,*] "The foundation-stone of the College which the Cardinal founded in this place, was discovered a few years ago. It is now in the Chapter-house of Christ-Church, Oxford." Seward's *Anecdotes of distinguished Persons*, &c. 1795. *Steevens.*

[4] *Unwilling to outlive the good* that *did it;*] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or, perhaps, "the good" is licentiously used for the good *man;* "the virtuous prelate who founded it." So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "— a piece many years in *doing*."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good *he* did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good *he* did it," was laying the foundation of the building and endowing it: if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

"The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it," though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. *Malone.*

Good, I believe, is put for *goodness.* So, in p. 314:

"—— May it please your highness
"To hear me speak his *good* now?" *Steevens.*

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The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,[5] *six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards*[6] *on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?[7]

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

[5] ——solemnly tripping *one after another,*] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. *Steevens.*

Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word. Katharine's next speech probably suggested this *tripping* dumb-shew to the too busy reviver of this play. *Malone.*

[6] —— *golden vizards* —] These tawdry disguises are also mentioned in Hall's account of a *maske* devised by King Henry VIII: "—thei were appareled &c. with *visers* and cappes *of golde*." *Steevens.*

[7] *And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?*] Perhaps Mr. Gray had this passage in his thoughts, when he made his Bard exclaim, on a similar occasion, (the evanescence of visionary forms):

"Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
"*Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn!*" *Steevens.*

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Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?[8]
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace, —
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.[9]
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* GRIF. *and* Mess.

Re-enter GRIFFITH *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,

[8] —— *Mark* you *her eyes?*] The modern editors read—*Mark her eyes*. But in the old copy, there being a stop of interrogation after this passage, as after the foregoing clauses of the speech, I have ventured to insert the pronoun—*you*, which at once supports the ancient pointing, and completes the measure. *Steevens*.

[9] —— *go to, kneel.*] Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her Queen. Burnet, p. 162. *Reed*.

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What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to* KATH.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.[1]

[1] *This to my lord the king.*] So, Holinshed, p. 939: "—perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside." *Steevens.*

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things Farewell." *Malone.*

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Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves,[2] his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;[3]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;

The legal instrument for the divorce of Queen Katharine is still in being; and among the signatures to it is that of Polydore Virgil. *Steevens.*

[2] *The* model *of our chaste loves,*] *Model* is *image* or *representative*. See Vol. V, p. 267, n. 3; and Vol. VII, p. 418, n. 4. *Malone.*

[3] *A right good* &c.] I would read this line (not with a semicolon, as hitherto printed,) but with only a comma:

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction. *Whalley.*

Let him be, I suppose, signifies, *even thou he should be;* or, *admit that he be.* She means to observe, that *nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.*

The same phraseology is found in *King Richard II:*

"Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
"And *let him be* no kinsman to my liege." *Steevens.*

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble,* may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Katharine's *women* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to no more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless *king*. *Malone.*

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If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading* KATH.

ACT V.....SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a Torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[4] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose,[5] and not for us

[4] *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. *Johnson.*

[5] *These should be hours ——*
—— times to repair our nature

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To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero[6]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business:[7] Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

With comforting repose,] Hence, perhaps, the following passage in the fifth Act of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*. Sciolto is the speaker:

"This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
"Nature for rest ordain'd and soft repose." *Steevens.*

6 —— *at* primero —] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera, Primavista*. La *Primiere*, G. Prime, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et primum *visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. *Grey.*

So, in *Woman 's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Come will your worship make one at *primero?*"

Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632: "— when it may be, some of our butterfly judgments expected a set at maw or *primavista* from them." *Steevens.*

7 *Some touch of your late business:*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. *Johnson.*

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Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way;[8] I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made[9] master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,[1]
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick,[2] a pestilence

[8] —— *mine own way;*] Mine own opinion in religion. *Johnson.*

[9] —— he 's *made* —] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[1] *Stands in the gap and* trade *of more preferments,*] *Trade* is the *practised method*, the *general course*. *Johnson.*

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *King Richard II:*

"Some way of common *trade*."

See Vol. VIII, p. 89, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[2] —— —— *I have*
Incens'd *the lords o' the council, that he is* &c.

A most arch heretick,] This passage, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, i. e. because. *Steevens.*

I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick: I have thus *incited* them against him. *Malone.*

Incensed, I believe, in this instance, and some others, only means *prompted, set on.* So, in *King Richard III:*

"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
"Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?" *Steevens.*

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That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king;[3] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,[4]
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[5] He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GAR. *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death[6]

[3] —— broken *with the king;*] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. *Johnson.*

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "I will *break* with her." Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs." *Steevens.*

[4] —— he *hath commanded,*] *He,* which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *He hath* was often written contractedly *h'ath.* Hence probably the error. *Malone.*

[5] *He be* convented.] *Convented* is *summoned,* convened. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *her sufferance made*
Almost each pang a death.] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in Act II, sc. iii:

"—— it is a sufferance panging
"As soul and body 's severing." *Malone.*

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K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.—[*Exit* SUF.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.[7]

Well, sir, what follows?

[7] *Enter Sir* Anthony Denny.] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563:

"When night came, the king sent Sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotion will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie; and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in those matters, you being a counsellor.

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

"The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o'man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance.

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Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding tomorrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailer, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

"The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbeare teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

"On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongste them. It is not so,(quoth the king,) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sorte, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

"Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no maner of persuasion or intreatie

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K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DEN.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake; I am happily[8] come hither. [*Aside.*

could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said, when you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaille-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnelie laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lords, (quoth the king,) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogethers, which might easilie be done with that man." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *happily* —] The present instance, and another in p. 332, seem to militate against my former explanation of—*happily*, and to countenance that of Mr. M. Mason. See p. 309, n. 9. *Steevens.*

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Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [Lov. *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* Lov. *and* DEN.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,[9]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.[1]

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;

[9] —— *You a brother of us*, &c.] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. *Johnson.*

[1] *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the King's reply. *Grey.*

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Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,[2] further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on[3] is my truth, and honesty; ground
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,[4]
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,[5]
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever[6]
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice

[2] —— *indurance,*] i. e. confinement. Dr. Johnson, however, in his *Dictionary*, says that this word (which Shakspeare borrowed from Fox's narrative already quoted) means—*delay, procrastination.* *Steevens.*

[3] *The* good *I stand on* —] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

The ground *I stand on* ——. *Johnson*

The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"Your *franchises, whereon* you *stand,* confin'd
"Into an augre's bore." *Malone.*

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "Though Page be a secure fool, and *stands* so firmly *on* his wife's frailty ——." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *I, with mine enemies,*] Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. *Malone.*

[5] —— *I weigh not,*] i. e. have no value for. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"You *weigh me not*.—O that 's, you care not for me."

See *King Richard III,* Act III, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *and* not ever —] *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. *M. Mason.*

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Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,[7]
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRAN.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.[8]

Gent. [*within*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings![9]

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks

[7] —— Ween *you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *an old Lady.*] This, I suppose, is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen, p. 250. *Steevens.*

[9] ——— ——— *good angels*
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!] So, in *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. iv:
"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
"You heavenly guards!" *Steevens.*

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I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her![1]—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,[2]—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit* King.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

[1] ——*bless* her!] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the Queen or the girl. *Johnson.*
As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. *Malone.*

[2] *Lovell,*] Lovell has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the King calls for him. *Steevens.*

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Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

Cran. [*aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above,[3] *the* King *and* BUTTS.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there 's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,[4]

[3] —— *at a window above,*] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may be still found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Borde's instructions for building a house, (see his *Dietarie of Health,*) is the following: "Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel."

Again, in a Letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dyner time, at *a window opening thereunto.*"

Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakspeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure. *Steevens.*

[4] *They had* parted &c.] We should now say—*They had* shared, &c. i. e. had so much honesty among them. *Steevens.*

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(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;[5]
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord* Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business,[6] master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

[5] —— *draw the curtain close;*] i. e. the curtain of the balcony, or upper-stage, where the King now is. *Malone.*

[6] Chan. *Speak to the business,*] This Lord Chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth Act, we heard that Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534,) Sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. *Theobald.*

In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord *Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. *Malone.*

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Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?[7]
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.[8]
[CRAN. *approaches the Council-Table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable[9] culpable
Of our flesh, few are angels:[9] out of which frailty,

[7] —— noble *lords?*] The epithet—*noble* should be omitted, as it spoils the metre. *Steevens.*

[8] *Your grace may enter now.*] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the Keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the outside of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, "Cranmer *approaches* the council-table," not, "Cranmer *enters* the council-chamber," seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the "appliances and aids" that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. *Malone.*

How the outside and inside of a room can be exhibited on the stage at the same instant, may be known from many ancient prints in which the act of listening or peeping is represented. See a famous plate illustrating the Tale of *Giocondo*, and intitled *Vero essempio d' Impudicitia, cavato da M. L. Ariosto*; and the engraving prefixed to *Twelfth Night*, in Mr. Rowe's edition.
Steevens.

[9] —— —— *and* capable
Of our flesh, *few are angels:* &c.] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect while they remain in their mortal capacity*; i. e. while they are capable [in a condition] of being invested with flesh. A similar phrase occurs in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad*:

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And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,

"That is no city libertine, nor *capable of their own.*"
Shakspeare uses the word *capable* as perversely in *King Lear*:
"—— and of my land,
"Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the mean
"To make thee *capable.*" *Steevens.*

The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *King Richard III:*
"—— O, 'tis a parlous boy,
"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable!*"
Again, in *Hamlet:*
"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
"Would make them *capable!*"

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here:
"As one *incapable* [i. e. unintelligent] of her own distress."
So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:
"To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble
"Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull *uncapable.*"
Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocibis.*

The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the Chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings.* The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in my text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

—— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, *you*, &c.

Mr. Pope, in his licentious method, printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

—— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, *few are angels;* from *which frailty*, &c. *Malone.*

I cannot extort any kind of sense from the passage as it stands. Perhaps it should be read thus:

—— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail and culpable:
Of our flesh few are angels.

That is, few are perfect. *M. Mason.*

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Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel, all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,[1] can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,[2] my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against, *strives*
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace,[3] than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

[1] *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. *Grey.*

[2] ——*a* single *heart*,] A heart void of duplicity or guile. *Malone.*

It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts* ii, 46. *Reed.*

[3] *Defacers of* a *publick peace*,] Read,—*the* publick peace. *M. Mason.*

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Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That 's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,[4]
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.[5]

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

[4] ——*your painted gloss* &c.] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. *Johnson.*

[5] ——'*tis a cruelty,*
To load a falling man.] This sentiment had occurred before. The Lord Chamberlain checking the Earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

"——O, my lord,
"Press not a falling man too far." *Steevens.*

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Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you,[6] my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.[7]

[6] Chan. *Then thus for you*, &c.] This, and the little speech above —"This is too much," &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord *Chamberlain*. The difference between *Cham.* and *Chan.* is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council) is the person to whom Shakspeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. *Malone.*

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Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on 't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

[7] *This is the* king's ring.] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See *Procopius de bell. Vandal.* L. I. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's *Machiavel*, Vol. I, p 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's *Negotiations*, p. 206. *Reed.*

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They are too thin[8] and base to hide offences.[9]
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*to* CRAN.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.[1]

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

[8] *They are too thin* &c.] i. e. the *commendations* above mentioned. Mr Pope, in the former line, changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote—

They are too thin and bare;

and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *King Henry IV*, Part I. See Vol. VIII, p. 180, n. 9. *Malone.*

[9] —— *But know, I come not*
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences. &c.] I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus:

—— *I come not*
To hear such flatteries now: and in my presence
They are too thin, &c.

It then follows:

To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written:

To one *you cannot reach you play the spaniel,*

the relative *whom* being understood. *Whalley.*

I think the old copy is right. *Malone.*

Surely, the first of these lines should be pointed thus:

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,—

That is, you fawn upon me, who am above your malice.

M. Mason.

In the punctuation of this passage I have followed the concurring advice of Mr. Whalley and Mr. M. Mason. *Steevens.*

[1] *Than but once think* his *place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place. *Malone.*

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I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,[2]

[2] That *is*, &c.] My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There* is, &c. and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [*to*], and answer for her. So before, in this play:

"—— whoever the king favours,
"The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*],
"And far enough from court too."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"How true a gentleman you send relief [*to*]."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*

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You must be godfather,[3] and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons;[4] you shall have

"Thy honourable metal may be wrought
"From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."

See also Vol. VII, p. 351, n. 3, and a note on *Cymbeline*, sc. ult. Vol. XVI. *Malone.*

The superfluous pronoun in the text (if it be superfluous) may be justified by the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——— this reverend holy friar,
"All our whole city is much bound to *him.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *You must be godfather,*] Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495. *Reed.*

[4] —— *you 'd spare your* spoons;] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

In the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, "a spoyne, of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe all gylte with the pycture of *St. John.*"

Ben Jonson also, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: "— and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620: "2 *Gos.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip? 3 *Gos.* A faire high standing-cup, and two great *'postle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1 *Pur.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard."

Again:

"E'en the same gossip 'twas that gave the *spoons.*"

Again, in Sir Wm. D'Avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1639:

"—— my pendants, carcanets, and rings,
"My christ'ning caudle-cup, and *spoons*,
"Are dissolv'd into that lump."

Again, in *The Maid in the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Didst ask her name?——
"Yes, and who gave it her;

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Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,

"And what they promis'd more, besides a *spoon*,
"And what *apostle's picture*."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by the same authors:

"I 'll be a gossip, Bewford,
"I have an odd *apostle spoon*."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D.* 1390, &c. observes, that "the general mode of eating must either have been with the *spoon* or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that *spoons* became the usual present from gossips to their godchildren, at christenings." *Steevens.*

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MSS. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shows that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period:

"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy: No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he.—I' faith, Ben, I 'll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. "At this time," [the first year of Queen Elizabeth] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, "and for *many yeeres before*, it was not the use and custome, as *now* it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoones*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening shirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blue thread; the best of them for chief persons were edged with a small lace of blacke silke and golde; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldom above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII, I have not been able to ascertain. Probably howe-

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And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.[5]
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter, *and his* Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?[6] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[7]

ver, he is here accurate; for we know that certain pieces of plate were, on some occasions, then bestowed; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. *Chron.* Hen. VIII, fol. 218. *Malone.*

5 —— *thy true* heart.] Old copy—*hearts*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

6 —— *Paris-garden?*] The bear-garden of that time. *Johnson.* This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II, *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II, *dors.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH. *Malone.*

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *News from Plimouth:*

"—— do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?
"You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,
"And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden?*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan:*

"And cried, it was a threatning to the *bears*,
"And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden.*"

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood

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[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads; You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient;[8] 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning;[9] which will never be:

on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmonger's Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleet-ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599,) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771. *Steevens.*

[7] ——*gaping.*] i. e. *shouting* or *roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost. Littleton, in his *Dictionary*, has however given it in its present signification as follows: "To *gape* or *bawl*, *vociferor.*" So, in Roscommon's *Essay on translated Verse*, as quoted in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*:

"That noisy, nauseous, *gaping* fool was he." *Reed.*

Such being one of the ancient senses of the verb—to *gape*, perhaps the "*gaping* pig" mentioned by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, has hitherto been misinterpreted. *Steevens.*

[8] *Pray, sir, be patient;*] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. *Steevens.*

[9] *On* May-day *morning;*] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that King Henry VIII and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Vol. II, p. 345, n. 3. *Steevens.*

Stowe says, that, "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. *Reed.*

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We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[1] to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you year, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?[2] or have we some strange Indian[3] with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,[4] for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are

1 —— sir Guy, *nor* Colbrand,] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. *Johnson.*

2 —— *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. *Johnson.*

3 —— *some strange* Indian —] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot now be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL." *Collins.*

4 —— *he should be a* brazier *by his face,*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. *Johnson.*

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under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake[5] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.[6] There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit[7] near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,[8] for

[5] —— *That* fire-drake —] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"By the hissing of the snake,
"The rustling of the *fire-drake*."

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1607:

"So have I seene a *fire-drake* glide along
"Before a dying man, to point his grave,
"And in it stick and hide."

Again, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

"Your wild irregular lust, which like those *fire-drakes*
"Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
"Forth from the fair path," &c.

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton, 1608:

"—— but like *fire-drakes*,
"Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell." *Steevens.*

A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Firedrake*. A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile." *Malone.*

[6] —— *to blow us.*] Read—to blow us *up*. *M. Mason.*

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Othello:*

"—— the cannon,
"When it hath *blown* his ranks into the air —."

In another of our author's plays (if my memory does not deceive me) we have "— and *blow them* to the moon." *Steevens.*

[7] *There was a* haberdasher's *wife of* small wit —] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to *The Magnetick Lady:* "And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." *Malone.*

[8] —— *till her pink'd* porringer *fell off her head,*] Her *pink'd porringer* is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"*Hab.* Here is the *cap* your worship did bespeak.
"*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a *porringer*." *Malone.*

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kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor[9] once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*[1] when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand,[2] where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me,[3] I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,[4] delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work:[5] The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;[6] that no audience,

[9] —— *the* meteor —] The fire-drake, the brazier. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *who cried out,* clubs!] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in *The Renegado:*

"—— if he were
"In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels
"For striking of a prentice."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque:*

"—— —— Go, y' are a prating jack;
"Nor is 't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,
"Can save you from my chastisement." *Whalley.*

So, in the third Act of *The Puritan*, when Oath and Skirmish are going to fight, Simon cries, "*Clubs, clubs!*" and Aaron does the like in *Titus Andronicus*, when Chiron and Demetrius are about to quarrel.

Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the lower class of people: for in *The First Part of Henry VI*, when the Mayor of London endeavours to interpose between the factions of the Duke of Glocester, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he says:

"I 'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away." *M. Mason.*

[2] —— *the hope of the Strand,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—the *forlorn* hope. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *to the broomstaff* with *me,*] The old copy has—*to* me. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[4] —— *loose* shot,] i. e. loose or random *shooters.* See Vol. IX, p. 104, n. 9. *Malone.*

[5] —— *the* work:] A term of fortification. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny.*"

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but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,[7] their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have

In *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the following mention of them: "— break in at plays like prentices, for *three a groat*, and crack nuts with the scholars in *penny rooms* again."

Again, in *The Black Book*, 1604, *sixpenny rooms* in play-houses are spoken of.

Again, in *The Bellman's Night Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy *twopence* to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many *twopences* you 've stow'd to-day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "At a new playe you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met," &c.

Again, in *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the *half-crown* boxes,

"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres." And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, it should seem that *beer* was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he 's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale cannot be opened*, but he thinks somebody hisses."

Steevens.

[7] —— *the* Tribulation *of* Tower-hill, *or the* limbs *of* Limehouse,] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse* I do not understand. *Johnson.*

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious *limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. *T. Warton.*

Limehouse was, before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and

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some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,[8] and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles,[9] that is to come.

the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the *lambs* of Limehouse. *Steevens.*

The word *limb*, in the sense of an impudently vicious person, is not uncommon in London at this day. In the north it is pronounced *limp*, and means a mischievous boy. The alteration suggested by Mr. Steevens is, however, sufficiently countenanced by the word *tribulation*, if in fact the allusion be to the puritans. *Ritson.*

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may, however, be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave, or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*; and, *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices.*

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*: "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage? or, gathering up the *broken apples?*"—] and the words—"which no *audience* can endure," might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III, sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars *play*-boys. Is 't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders?* Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. *Malone.*

It is evident that *The Tribulation*, from its site, must have been a place of entertainment for the rabble of its precincts, and the *limbs of Limehouse* such performers as furnished out the show. *Henley.*

The *Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed

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Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There 's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;

for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *True-wit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of *Ebenezer* or *Ananias*.

Shakspeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of *noise;* and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was *not* a puritanical meeting-house because it was *noisy?* I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre, has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory, compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limehouse* could be called "young *citizens*," according to Mr. Malone's supposition. Were the inhabitants of this place (almost two miles distant from the capital) ever collectively entitled *citizens?* The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance. *Steevens.*

8 ——*in* Limbo *Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. *Malone.*

The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See note on *Titus Andronicus*, Act III, sc. i. *Reed.*

9 —— running banquet *of two beadles*,] A publick whipping. *Johnson.*

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And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[1] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. **Make way there for the princess.**

Man. **You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ake.**

Port. **You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;[2] I 'll pick you o'er the pales else.[3]** [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.[4]

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls*[5] *for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send pros-

[1] —— *here ye lie baiting of* bumbards,] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel;* to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple,* to *lie at the spigot.* *Johnson.*
So, in *Woman's a Weathercock,* 1612: "She looks like a *black bombard* with a pint pot waiting upon it."
See *The Tempest,* Vol. II, p. 66, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *get* up *o' the rail;*] We must rather read—get up *off* the rail,—or,—get *off* the rail. *M. Mason.*

[3] —— *I'll* pick *you o'er the pales else.*] To *pick* is to pitch. "To *pick* a dart," Cole renders, *jaculor.* DICT. 1679. See a note on *Coriolanus,* Act I, sc. i, where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt. Here the spelling in the old copy is *peck.* *Malone.*
To *pick* and to *pitch* were anciently synonymous. So, in Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses,* 1595, p. 138: "— to catch him on the hip, and to *picke* him on his necke." *Steevens.*

[4] *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, fo. 217, this procession was made from the church of the Friars. *Reed.*

[5] —— *standing-bowls* —] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. *Steevens.*

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perous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, *and Train.*

Cran. [*kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;[6]
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* King *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

6 *Thank you, good lord* archbishop;] I suppose the word *archbishop* should be omitted, as it only serves to spoil the measure. Be it remembered also that *Archbishop*, throughout this play, is accented on the first syllable. *Steevens.*

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And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine,[7] what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,[8]
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her:[9] But as when

[7] —— *every man shall eat in safety*
Under his own vine,] The original thought is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first Book of *Kings:* "Every man dwelt safely under his vine." *Steevens.*

A similar expression is in *Micah*, iv, 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." *Reed.*

[8] *From her shall* read *the perfect* ways *of honour,*] The old copy reads—*way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts: "Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." *Malone.*

Thus, already in this play:
"—— Wolsey, that once trod the *ways* of glory —." *Steevens.*

By *those*, in the last line, means by those ways, and proves that we must read *ways*, instead of *way*, in the line preceding. Shall *read* from her, means, shall *learn* from her. *M. Mason.*

[9] [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her:* &c.] These lines, to the interruption by the King, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. *Johnson.*

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

If the reviver of this play (or tamperer with it, as he is styled by Mr. Malone,) had so much influence over its numbers as to

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The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations:[1] He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess;[2] many days shall see her,

have entirely changed their texture, he must be supposed to have new woven the substance of the whole piece; a fact almost incredible.

The lines under immediate consideration were very probably furnished by Ben Jonson; for

"When heaven shall call her from *this cloud of darkness*," (meaning the "dim spot" we live in,) is a seeming imitation of the following passage in the 9th Book of Lucan (a poet from whose stores old Ben has often enriched himself):

——*quanta sub nocte jaceret*
Nostra dies. —— *Steevens.*

1 *His honour and the greatness of his name*
Shall be, and make new nations:] On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. *Malone.*

2 *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*
An aged princess;] The transition here from the complimentary address to King *James* the First is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

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And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren,[3] I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*[4]

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King. *Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,*
Thou 'st made me now a man. Never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing: &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgment. *Theobald.*

[3] *And* your *good brethren,*] Old copy—*you*. But the *aldermen* were never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised: *And* your *good brethren,* ——
i. e. the lord mayor's brethren, which is properly their style.
Theobald.

[4] The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter.* Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. *Johnson.*

* Chetwood says that, during one season, it was exhibited 75 times. Steevens.

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EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that 's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them;[5] If they smile,[6]
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while

5 —— *such a one we show'd them;*] In the character of Katharine *Johnson.*

6 —— *If they smile,* &c.] This thought is too much hacknied It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As you Like it* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV. Steevens.*

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight;*

" —— the fellow,
" In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,"

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 196, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the Prologue and Epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person. On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatick poet. See the Essay at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI. Malone.*

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All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had, a little before, assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from Stowe, that Robert Greene wrote somewhat on this subject. *Farmer.*

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's Prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour:*

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
"Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
"Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
"And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
"Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
"And in the tyring-house," &c. *Steevens.*

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World.* *Johnson.*

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cot. Vesp.* D. VIII, and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. *Steevens.*

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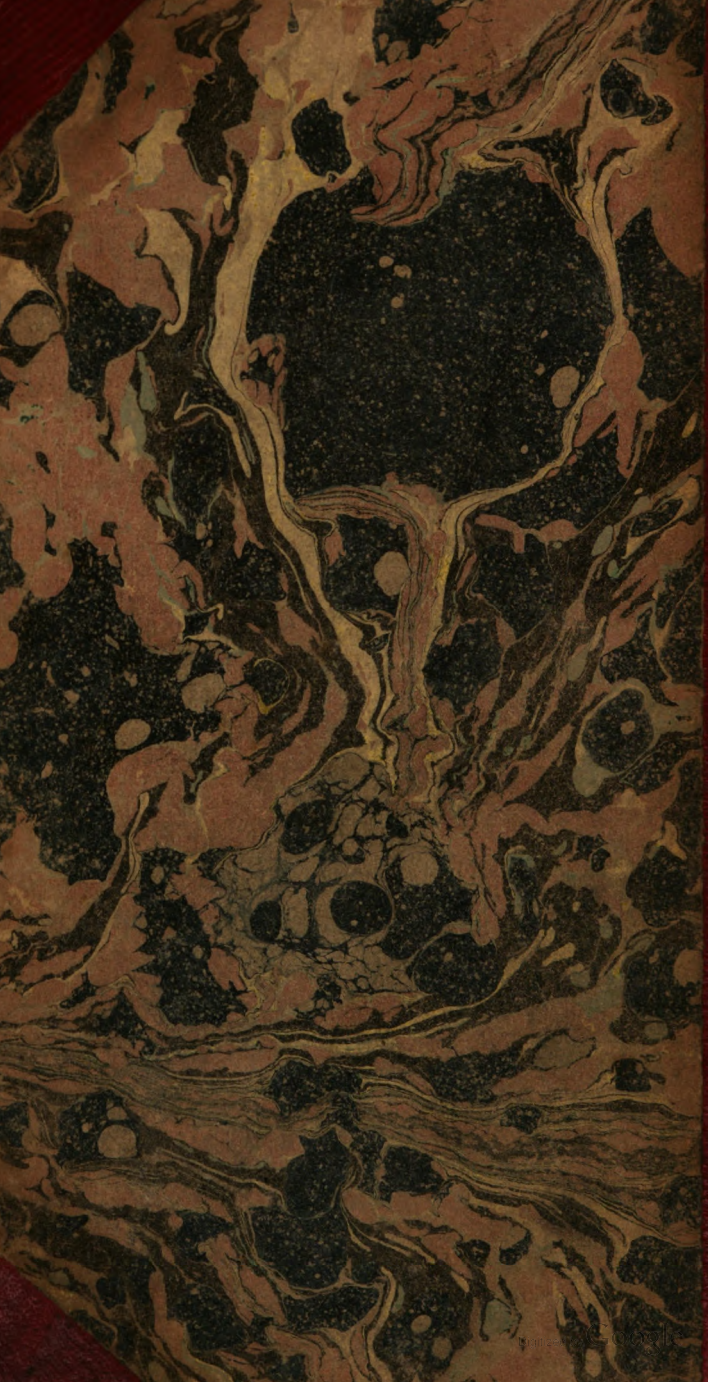
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